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H.M. the Queen driving in the State coach to open Parliament: the ceremony is being televised for the first time on October 28

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The New Majority

PETER F. DRUCKER on the rise of the salaried middle class

DURING the past two or three years, professional, technical, and managerial people have become the largest group in the American working population. 'Professional, technical, and managerial' is a statistical term. It is very much like the 'administrative and technical' people of whom your British statisticians talk. But it is not just a pompous circumlocution for 'white-collar employees'. 'Professional, technical, and managerial' does not include clerical people, or the sales-girl in the shop. It does not even include foremen and charge-hands in the factories. 'Professional, technical and managerial' people, according to our definition in the United States, either determine the work of other people, or they apply specialized knowledge in their own work. I know only one short term for these groups: it would be the 'salaried middle class'.

It is this salaried middle class that has now become our largest working group, larger in fact than the blue-collar people, the machine operators. This signals drastic changes in social structure, in the American economy, and in American politics. Thirteen years ago, when we came out of the second world war, the industrial workers were clearly still the largest single group in the American working population—almost one out of every four belonged to it. This was the end of a long historical process that went back to the early years of the nineteenth century when manufacturing industries were first started on American soil, a process that began to gather momentum in the early years of our century, and that brought about the great changes within the last generation: the change in domestic politics that expressed itself in the New Deal, and the change internationally that led to the emergence of the United States as the greatest industrial and military power in the West. At the end of the war, the professional, technical, and managerial group was already a sizeable group; and it had been growing fast for some time. But it was still one of the smaller groups in the working population, not much more than half the size of the blue-collar workers, that is of industrial labour, and smaller even than office and service employees or farmers. In those thirteen years industrial production in the United States has almost doubled. Both total and working population have been growing fast. But the manual labour needed for this output of goods has remained the same. The number of salaried middle-class people, however, which the economy now requires and which now are employed has almost doubled: it has grown by two-thirds and is growing much faster than either total or working population. By now, one out of every five people at work in the United States works as a professional man, as a technician, or in some managerial capacity—some 13,000,000 of them altogether.

More important than numbers is the direction of the development. All signs point to a further growth of this group, perhaps even a faster growth. By 1975—only seventeen years away—we expect our total production in the United States to be about twice what it is now. Our working population should be one-third larger than it is today. But the only group of employees which will have to grow much faster—a great deal faster than either total population or working population—will again be the salaried middle class. Seventeen years from now, when the boys and girls who are starting their first years in school will have finished their education, in 1975, we should have twice as many people in the salaried middle class as we have today. By then they should be almost two-fifths of the total working force. While there will be a real and continuing need for more highly skilled manual workers, we shall not be needing many more of the 'typical' industrial workers, the semi-skilled machine operators, the men

who work on the assembly lines or in the steel mills. Indeed, the three industries in the American economy where employment is likely to grow the fastest are education, electronics, and chemistry—and all three employ primarily highly educated middle-class people rather than machine operators.

Already the machine operators represent the past rather than the future. Twenty-five years ago they were by and large the youngest group in our working population. Perhaps the only exception were office personnel where there are so many young unmarried women. Shop stewards in the plants, for instance, in those days, during the great wave of unionization in the 'thirties, tended to be ten or fifteen years younger on average than the management people they dealt with. Today the industrial worker in the United States tends to be older than the population in general. Union leaders today are almost without exception older by ten years or so than their negotiating partners in management. The typical industrial worker, the machine operator, belongs to what is both a stagnant and an ageing group. Growth and youth are in the professional, technical, and managerial ranks.

Future of the Trade Unions

The first question this raises is that of the future of the labour union. Trade unions in the United States are by no means confined to industrial workers. Transportation and communication workers, for instance, have the largest and perhaps the most pervasive unions. After all, the essence of an industrial economy is not the making of things; it is the moving of goods, of people, and of ideas and information. But the unions of industrial workers, that is of machine operators, such as the United Automobile Workers which Walter Reuther heads, or the Steel Workers, the Electrical Workers, or the Rubber Workers, have for twenty-five years been the dynamic element in American labour—dynamic both in terms of growth and in terms of leadership and vigour. Also, if only because their membership is concentrated in such major industrial areas as Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh, or Los Angeles, they have had the greatest political weight and voting power. Now, these dynamic industrial unions of yester-year face long-run stagnation, perhaps even shrinkage. All of them are becoming increasingly unions of the middle-aged, perhaps even of the ageing. They may even become unions representing the past rather than the future of our society.

Altogether there is a danger that the American labour movement may become a sterile defender of the past unless it succeeds in drawing to itself large numbers of the professional and technical employees—perhaps even of the managerial employees. It is doubtful whether these groups can be organized by any union to any extent. So far, the unions have had almost no success with them. These groups are not anti-union; but they do not believe that the union has anything much to offer them. They are certainly not attracted to the labour movement as it exists in the United States at present. They would demand great changes in principles, in methods, and in rhetoric. Yet unless the American labour movement can attract mass support from this group it will gradually become a minority pressure group, with great power for a long time to come but less and less representative either of the country or of the American worker. If this happens—and there are signs that it may already be happening—trade unions will also be less and less 'liberal' in their general outlook. They may tend more and more to be defenders of gains already won and of privileges; that is, more and more 'reactionary'.

There is another aspect of this shift in the structure of our working population: the impact it may have on our economy. Economists will no doubt analyse and discuss the American recession of 1957-58 for many years to come. But some basic facts stand out already—and they are new facts. Above all, what stands out is the tremendous resistance of both consumption and employment to a slump, and the extreme sensitivity of business income and profit. Production in three central industries of the American economy—automobiles, home appliances, and steel—dropped faster than we have ever seen production drop in such a short period. It dropped by 40 to 50 per cent. in seven months. But consumption in the country hardly fell at all: people shifted their buying rather than cut it, and employment even in the depressed industries dropped much less than production.

As an example, let us think of one of the big automobile companies whose production was halved; but total employment—that is, staff as well as operatives—fell by less than one-eighth, even though management frantically tried to cut costs. Profits, of course, disappeared completely as income from sales fell so much faster than costs. Actually this company, in common with many others, turned in a sizeable loss. This was typical of the general experience in the affected industries.

This is already the result of the shift in labour force from machine operators employed by the day or hour and paid by the hour or piece, to technical, professional, or managerial employees on salary. These are now both the largest and the most productive group in the work force. Blue-collar workers in the three industries—automobiles, appliances, and steel—suffered heavy unemployment, at least for short spells. But the salaried man stayed on the job. Employment of such people, as a rule, goes up and down with production not over the short-term but only over the very long period.

One might argue that this makes the economy more stable. One can also argue that it makes it much more vulnerable. Both arguments are being advanced by economists in the United States today, and, paradoxical as this may sound, both may be correct. Employment and consumption stay high because so many people are employed regardless of the current level of business; our largest 'industry', if one may call it that, is already education; and the employment of teachers is unaffected by short-run economic fluctuation. This gives the economy tremendous power to bounce back. But capital expenditures of business are likely to be cut back much more sharply as profits disappear and businesses run out of cash. This may push a slight, and by itself harmless, dip over the edge of a serious depression.

Economists are going to discuss this for years to come: but it is already clear that the shift in the structure of the work force has changed the economy drastically, and that traditional economic theory neither understands nor explains the new structure. All economists have assumed, as a matter of course, that the great bulk of the labour force in an industrial economy consists of industrial workers, of machine operators, of men who can be hired and fired according to the current level of business, so that business adjusts to short-run fluctuations in the economy by changing labour force and labour costs. This is no longer possible.

Another important question is what this shift in the structure of our work population might do to the direction in which the economy in the United States will develop. The large expansion since the end of the war has been in goods for the consumer—such things as houses, washing machines, television or furniture. As people's jobs and income improved, they bought things, that is, material objects. Is this likely to continue as the salaried

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THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

Next week THE LISTENER will publish two controversial talks on the power of the trade unions today.

The first is by a trade-union solicitor who considers proposals put forward by the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society to reform the trade unions and limit the right to strike.

These proposals are defended by a barrister who is also a Conservative M.P.

MUSIC AND TELEVISION

A new feature in THE LISTENER next week will be the first of a series of monthly articles on televised music. Philip Hope-Wallace, the distinguished critic, will give an independent appraisal of the B.B.C.'s televised musical programmes of the month.

Tunisia's Break with United Arab Republic

By PETER PARTNER

TUNISIA'S quarrel with Egypt goes back to a split in the Tunisian Nationalist Party in 1956, when Salah Ben Yussef, the leader of the extremist group of Tunisian Nationalists, tried to seize the leadership from Bourguiba by force and, after a certain amount of fighting, was defeated. He fled into exile in Egypt, where he has been a thorn in President Bourguiba's side ever since. Until recently his support in Tunisia was weak, but as a result of a reported plot to assassinate Bourguiba last March, Tunisian courts condemned him to death in his absence.

Apart from this specific Tunisian grievance, Bourguiba and President Nasser have both until now rather feebly protested their regard for one another. But underneath, the divergencies of policy run deep. Bourguiba proclaims himself the friend of the West. Both men have been claiming the leadership, primarily, of the Arab countries of North Africa, and beyond that of the so-called 'free' or ex-colonial countries of the rest of Africa. In spite of the insignificance of Tunisia's material position beside that of Egypt, Bourguiba has in fact emerged as the spokesman of the North African Arab countries, and he probably still possesses more influence over the Algerian rebels than any other non-Algerian statesman. Cairo Radio, by broadcasting propaganda in favour of Salah Ben Yussef, and by denouncing Bourguiba as a tool of the Americans, has shown how deep is Nasser's resentment.

This is the background of Tunisia's entry some weeks ago into the Arab League, which until now has almost from its birth been dominated by Egypt. What seems to have prompted Tunisia to enter the League is a recent visit to Tunis by the Foreign Minister of the new regime in Iraq. Iraq appears to have encouraged Tunisia and Morocco to apply for membership, so as to create a bloc of moderate, and by implication, anti-Egyptian opinion there. Iraq has a quarrel with Egypt dating back to the squabble over responsibility for the defeat of the Arab countries in the 1948 Palestine war, and the action of the present Iraq Government in seeking Tunisian support is a valuable pointer that it has by no means entirely given up the anti-Egyptian policy of the former regime.

In Tunisian eyes the withdrawal of official Egyptian support from Salah Ben Yussef and the switching-off of the Egyptian propaganda offensive were implied conditions of Tunisia's entry into the Arab League. Seen in this light, Tunisia's entry in the League was a diplomatic counter-offensive carried into the heart of enemy territory. But whether this counter-offensive has succeeded or not cannot be known until the reactions of the other Arab countries become clear. Egypt has refused to expel Salah Ben Yussef or to change her propaganda tactics. As a result of this, Tunisia has broken off diplomatic relations with Egypt, and has withdrawn from the present session of the Arab League, refusing an invitation to return on condition that she shelves the vital question of Salah Ben Yussef. President Bourguiba has made a strong attack on Nasser, restating in positive terms his sympathy with the West and accusing Egypt even of abetting the attempt to assassinate him.

President Bourguiba of Tunisia, photographed during the period of the Ramadan ceremonies earlier this year

What are the other Arab states going to do? The King of Morocco has expressed sympathy with Tunisia. Libya also may be expected to support her. Lebanon, the eternal sitter on the fence, has offered to mediate. It is unlikely that Iraq will come into the open to support President Bourguiba, for the internal situation would make such a move against Nasser difficult.

In Tunisia itself, opposition to President Bourguiba has been growing. A diplomatic success in the present crisis would strengthen his position a little. A failure would weaken it considerably. The most probable result of the whole affair is that Tunisia and perhaps the other North African states will withdraw from active participation in the Arab League, and that Iraq will retain her present ambiguous position between Nasser and the West. Whatever occurs, the Tunisian quarrel with Egypt may in the end give us some idea of the degree to which the moderate political elements in the Arab world are capable of uniting against Nasser.—'*At Home and Abroad*' (*Home Service*)

ERIK DE MAUNY, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent, said in 'From Our Own Correspondent': 'In choosing the moment of Tunisia's entry into the Arab League to make his attack, President Bourguiba may have had sincere misgivings at the present direction of the League, and at the same time has been not unwilling to enhance his personal prestige. If he hoped to create an opposition bloc within the League, he has failed to do so. On the other hand, the reaction against Tunisia in Cairo has been a little more complex than one might gather from a casual reading of the press. In general, the newspapers say that while Egypt has never objected to Tunisia maintaining particular links with the West, President Bourguiba is now allowing himself to be used as a tool by Western imperialists, whose aim, they say, is to create discord in the Arab ranks. In private, as I gathered from a conversation with the League's Secretary-General, Mr. Hassouna, the other League members—or a majority of them—look upon Tunisia's withdrawal with regret rather than anger. They have invited Tunisia to return to the League, and there is the implied suggestion that the withdrawal is an aberration from which Tunisia will shortly recover'.

Law in Action

Social Security and the Law Courts

By OTTO KAHN-FREUND

A FEW months ago, on July 5 of this year, we had the occasion to celebrate the tenth anniversary of one of the most momentous legislative events of this century: the coming into force of the present law of social insurance. Most of us, I suppose, remember the Beveridge Report of 1942 and the thorough-going proposals it contained for the reform of the law of social security. Two statutes were passed in order to implement the bulk of these proposals. One was the National Insurance Act, which deals with unemployment and sickness and maternity benefit, with retirement pensions and widows' benefit, and with guardians' allowance and death grants. The other was the National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Act. This provides for various kinds of benefit in the event of industrial accidents and certain occupational diseases. These Acts were passed in 1946, but to translate them into practice required an enormous amount of administrative work, and so it was not before the summer of 1948 that they could be brought into force.

Lord Beveridge's Recommendations

Most of Lord Beveridge's recommendations were concerned with contributions and with benefits, that is, they were about what you pay into social insurance and what you get out of it. Insurance was extended to the higher-salary earners and to the self-employed. Old-age pensions were replaced by the present schemes of retirement pensions, and unemployment and sickness benefit were put on a new basis. Until ten years ago a workman who was injured in an accident arising out of and in the course of his employment had to claim his compensation from his employer, which in practice almost invariably meant from the employer's insurance company; whereas now he receives industrial injury benefit or disablement benefit from the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, out of the Industrial Injuries Fund into which employers and employees pay their contributions. All these and many other reforms involved big changes in what a lawyer might describe as the substantive law of social insurance. But there were equally important changes in administration and in procedure.

When Lord Beveridge examined the way social insurance was administered at the time when he prepared his Report, he found a state of affairs which one could almost describe as chaotic. The law had grown over many years, statute had been piled upon statute, and as new kinds of benefit were created different authorities were entrusted with their administration. And what was true of administration was true of enforcement procedure as well. If someone claimed to be entitled to an old-age pension he had to pursue his rights before authorities and tribunals different from those that would determine a claim, say, for unemployment benefit. If he thought he had a right to workmen's compensation the procedure was again entirely different and he had to go to the county court. One of the achievements of the Beveridge reforms was the unification not only of the law of social insurance but also of its administration. This was done by creating what is now the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, with its numerous local offices. But almost equally important was the unification of the enforcement machinery and of the procedure for the determination of claims through building up a uniform system of administrative tribunals.

When I say 'uniform' I do not mean that all social insurance questions are decided by the same tribunal or tribunals: far from it. There are many different kinds of question, and they require men with different knowledge and experience to decide them. Suppose a man claims that he has been injured in an industrial accident and is entitled to benefit; what will he do? First of all, he will submit his claim to the local representative of the Minister whom we call the insurance officer. If the insurance officer agrees that he has a claim, then the injured man will get his benefit. But suppose the insurance officer takes a different line? Take, for example, a case which was decided the other day where a bus conductor, standing on the platform of his bus and making up his waybill, was attacked and seriously injured by a gang of hooligans. The bus conductor claimed benefit, but the insurance officer denied that this was an industrial accident. The accident, he said in effect, may have arisen in the course of your employment, but it did not arise out of it, for the roughs might have assaulted you just as well if you had been standing there as a passenger and not as a conductor. In other words, the insurance officer denied the causal connection between the employment and the accident, and for this reason he rejected the claim. In such a case the claimant can appeal to a local tribunal composed of three persons, a presiding barrister, an employer, and a worker. They hear both parties, the claimant and the insurance officer, and make their decision.

From that decision the party who has lost can appeal to the National Insurance Commissioner or Industrial Injuries Commissioner (according to the kind of claim he is dealing with), or to one of his deputy commissioners. The commissioner and the deputy commissioners must be barristers of at least ten years standing. They are men with many years of experience in social insurance law, and on questions of insurance claims they are the highest authority. When they are faced with a particularly difficult question they form a tribunal of three commissioners and deputy commissioners. But no matter whether the case is decided by one commissioner or by three, the decision is 'final'. This word 'final' is used in the statute, and it is important to remember this because it is the background to what I shall have to say a little later.

Industrial Accidents

Let us take another example to show how claims are enforced. Let us again refer to the case of industrial accidents, and imagine that a man has been so seriously injured that he can no longer fully use his right hand. He will claim what we call disablement benefit. The amount of benefit varies with the extent to which he is disabled. To assess this obviously is not a task for lawyers but principally for medical men; so a special set of administrative tribunals has been created to deal with these disablement questions. The case of the man who has lost the full use of a hand will be referred by the insurance officer to a medical board consisting of two or more practitioners, and on appeal from that board the case will go to a medical appeal tribunal which consists of a chairman, normally a Q.C. or other experienced lawyer, and two highly qualified medical men. I remember once attending a medical appeal tribunal in London when the chairman was a former High Court Judge in India and the two medical members were the professors of surgery and of dermatology in the University of London. About the decisions of these medical appeal tribunals the statute also says that they are 'final', just as in the case of commissioners who decide the ordinary claim questions.

You will observe that the ordinary courts do not seem to have anything to do with this at all. The policy of the law seems to me to be clear: these social insurance claims should be determined by tribunals possessing that special knowledge and experience which ordinary courts and lawyers cannot be expected to have, and they should be dealt with in a procedure more expeditious and less expensive than anything the ordinary courts can provide. The members of the insurance tribunals, from the commissioners and the Medical Appeal Tribunals downwards, lawyers, doctors, and laymen, have, I think, gained general confidence amongst those affected by these matters. Yet, sometimes even the great Homer nods, and sometimes even the most experienced experts make a mistake. If they do make a mistake in cases arising under social security legislation, the result may be tragedy.

Such a situation arose in a case which was decided last year by the Court of Appeal under the name of *Regina* v. *Medical Appeal Tribunal. Ex parte Gilmore*. It may surprise you that it came before the ordinary courts at all.

The Case of the Injured Blacksmith

Gilmore was a pick-sharpener working in a coal mine. In 1936 he suffered an accident in which both his eyes were injured by lime burns, and he became practically blind in his right eye. But he was still able to use his left eye and continued to work until 1955, when he had the terrible misfortune of being involved in a second accident. He was then working as a blacksmith, and while he was at work some ash blew into his eyes, and his left eye became so bad that he was nearly blind and no longer able to work at his job. He was entitled to disablement benefit, and the Medical Appeal Tribunal assessed the disability caused by the second accident at 20 per cent. What they said was in effect: 'We cannot take into account the consequences of the 1936 accident. Whether they were aggravated by the 1955 accident is not certain. But we will assume it in Gilmore's favour and make an assessment'. The wording of the decision indicated that the assessment at no more than 20 per cent. was intended to express the tribunal's doubt as to whether the deterioration of Gilmore's eyesight was attributable to the 1955 accident at all.

This decision was obviously wrong in several respects. Not only was it wrong, but, as I say, it was 'obviously' wrong, or, as the lawyer says, wrong 'on the face of the record'. I think it stands to reason that if a man is blind in one eye and suffers an accident depriving him of the use of the other eye, that second accident has made him totally blind, and the disablement caused by the accident must be assessed on that basis. This, I should have thought, was plain common sense, and clear without any need for going into philosophical theories of causation. But we do not even have to use common sense, because one of the regulations made by the Minister under the Act says that where, as a result of an industrial accident, a man or woman suffers injury to a 'paired' organ, such as an eye, an ear, or a kidney, and the other organ is already defective, that defect must be treated as having also resulted from the accident. Thus a man who is blind in one eye, whether congenitally or as a result of a disease or accident, and whose sound eye is blinded through an accident at his work, is entitled to disablement benefit on the basis that he has lost the use of both eyes through his accident. Gilmore was clearly entitled to 100 per cent. disablement benefit as having been totally blinded through the ash flying into his left eye. In overlooking this the Medical Appeal Tribunal had made a cardinal mistake; and on its own assumption it made another mistake by allowing its doubts as to whether Gilmore's state had been aggravated by the second accident to influence the assessment itself. Denning L. J., as he then was, said they were no more entitled to do this 'than a judge is at liberty to reduce damages because of his doubts on liability'.

The Courts and 'Inferior' Tribunals

Gilmore had every reason to complain against this decision. But what could he do? Does not the Act say that the decision is 'final'? Does this not preclude all remedies anywhere? It is at this point that the *Gilmore* case breaks new ground, or rather ploughs a new furrow in a ground which the courts have broken for centuries. For many centuries the courts have reviewed the decisions of so-called 'inferior' tribunals to see that they did not exceed their jurisdiction. If they do, the court, on an application for what is called certiorari, will annul, or, as lawyers say, 'quash' their decision. In the *Gilmore* case the Medical Appeal Tribunal had not exceeded its jurisdiction. It was perfectly entitled and indeed under a duty to decide the case. But it decided it wrongly. The courts however, and this again is very old law, also quash a decision which is within the jurisdiction of an inferior tribunal, but which is based on an obvious mistake of law, an error 'on the face of the record', and this was the case here. But the court had to get over the hurdle of the provision which said that the decision was 'final'. As Denning L. J. was able to show, it has been held in cases going back to the days of Coke in the early seventeenth century that a clause of this kind means only that there is no appeal. It does not take away the remedy of certiorari, that is to say it does not remove the power of the court to annul the decision by reason of excess of jurisdiction or error of law on the face of the record.

Parliament is sovereign, and being sovereign, it can restrict or abrogate the remedy by way of certiorari against any given kind of decision. But the courts will assume that this was not the intention of parliament unless clear words to this effect appear in the statute; and the mere provision that a decision is 'final' is not sufficiently clear to have this effect. This is a rule of interpretation of highly respectable ancestry and of more than 300 years' standing, and it was this rule which a unanimous Court of Appeal in *Gilmore's* case for the first time brought to bear on social-security legislation. This means that the courts have asserted their claim to have the last word in the interpretation of this legislation.

This is indeed an event of significance, the most important event perhaps in the legal history of social legislation since the Beveridge Report. This has been proved by what happened during the short time which has elapsed since the Court of Appeal quashed the decision of the Medical Appeal Tribunal in the *Gilmore* case. There have been two further cases, one in June 1957 and the other one last April, in which a Queen's Bench Divisional Court on applications for certiorari quashed decisions of medical appeal tribunals. In both cases the tribunal had failed properly to apply the regulation about 'paired' organs. It may perhaps sound a little strange but the court held that not only eyes and ears but also arms, hands, fingers, legs, and feet have to be regarded as 'organs' for this purpose. I am convinced that the court in deciding this acted within the spirit of the regulation and did substantial justice, because why should that which is right for the blind and the deaf not also be right for the lame? There have been other cases of applications for certiorari which have been dismissed, one against a decision of a medical appeal tribunal and one, recently, against a decision of the Commissioners, but in both cases the courts were able to elucidate some tricky and technical points of social insurance law and procedure.

Lord Justice Romer's Decision

The decision in the *Gilmore* case was based on a rule of statutory interpretation developed by the courts in connexion with provisions by which some decision is declared to be 'final'. Like so many rules of interpretation, this one is in fact a means of carrying into effect a judicial policy. In the *Gilmore* case Romer L. J. gave expression to this policy when he said that 'it is not in the public interest that inferior tribunals of any kind should be ultimate arbiters on questions of law'. Their members, he said, consisted in the main of non-lawyers, they were bound to go wrong from time to time in matters of law, and injustice may well result. One can welcome the *Gilmore* decision which, apart from its fundamental importance, did indeed remove what would have been a grievous injustice, and one can nevertheless wonder how far the general observation of Romer L. J. can be applied to all administrative tribunals indiscriminately. After all, the chairmen of the medical appeal tribunals are usually experienced lawyers, and, as Denning L. J. emphasized, the commissioners 'are so well versed in the law and deservedly held in so high regard that it will be rare that they fall into error so as to need correction'. Such tribunals are as experienced in the construction of statutes and regulations as the courts, and an error such as that in the *Gilmore* case is bound to be rare.

We must therefore be careful not to overestimate the practical significance of the case. The courts have not, after all, superimposed another set of appeals upon those provided for in the statutes. Certiorari is not an appeal. No question of fact can be re-argued, and even an error of law can be brought before the court only if it appears in the decision of the tribunal, expressly in so many words. Parliament wanted the insurance tribunals to have the last word on all matters of fact which are within their special expert knowledge. It also wanted them, through their reasoned and published decisions, to develop the law of social security. The *Gilmore* decision is perfectly compatible with these policies. It does however provide a necessary corrective in exceptional situations likely to give rise to fundamental points of principle.—*Third Programme*

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The Queen at Westminster

NEXT Tuesday will witness an event of equal importance in the histories of Parliament and of broadcasting. For the first time, the state occasion of the Sovereign reopening Parliament at the start of an annual sitting will be visible on the television screen—and audible in sound—to the mass of the Queen's subjects. Instead of merely watching the Procession to the Palace of Westminster, they will be able to see the Queen inside the House of Lords making the Speech from the Throne with a substantial body of M.P.s, grouped round their leader the Speaker, before the Bar of the House.

The event is likely to communicate to all who watch it something of the magic which it has done in the past to those parliamentarians—Lords and Commoners alike—who have taken part in the ceremony. There are many witnesses to this in history. 'We have cause daily to praise God that ever you were given us', said Edward Coke, Speaker of the House of Commons, to Queen Elizabeth I, three and a half centuries ago. The Bishop of Durham said of this Queen's last parliamentary speech of her life, in 1601, that he had never heard her 'in better vein'. Undoubtedly, these tributes reflected the strength of personality with which Queen Elizabeth I tended to dominate her political servants with her 'pithy, eloquent' speeches. Yet, she for her part counted it the glory of her position as Queen that she had reigned always with their love. She never drove them too far in an age when power in England was in the hands of the Sovereign rather than the elected representatives of the people. Indeed, it was her personality that through forty-five years helped to stamp occasions at the Old Palace of Westminster with an importance that was helpful to the continued growth and development of the whole idea of parliamentary government. In more democratic centuries, state occasions at the New Palace have continued to deepen the authority of this institution. In recent years, the presence of the young Queen Elizabeth II has lent a charm of its own to every visit she has made. When in 1953 the Queen had to undertake the first State opening of her reign, *The Times* even said that 'The contents of the speech from the Throne took second place to the brilliance of her bearing and the splendour of the scene'.

The broadcast next week will enable ordinary people in their homes in Britain to share in a state occasion. In addition, many European countries are taking the broadcast in the Eurovision network. Copies of the film are being flown to Commonwealth countries. Recordings of the sound broadcast will be re-transmitted round the world by the different External Services of the B.B.C. If the success of the television film last year of the Queen opening her Canadian Parliament is any guide, next Tuesday's programme is one that should enlarge respect throughout the world for both Crown and Parliament as symbols of national unity. The commentator on the ceremony inside the House of Lords is going to make clear the fact that when the Queen delivers her Speech from the Throne the contents of it have been prepared for her by the Prime Minister and Government. It is not a personal speech but an ancient parliamentary custom. Hitherto, doubts about the wisdom of letting the public see and hear the Speech because it contains references to her Government's future policy have been perhaps the chief objection to the ceremony being televised or broadcast. That this objection has now been swept away is a sign of willingness to keep abreast with the habits of the twentieth century.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on North Africa

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S DIRECTIVES on the forthcoming Algerian elections, and Tunisia's breach with the United Arab Republic, have brought North Africa once more to the fore. Many Western commentators have hailed General de Gaulle's directives as liberal in spirit and as opening the door to reconciliation in war-torn Algeria. From France, the independent right-wing *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying:

> General de Gaulle intends to play the card of liberty without any reserve. In Algeria, as in Metropolitan France, that is in the best French tradition.

The Socialist *Le Populaire* welcomed both the General's directives and the seemingly conciliatory statement by Ferhat Abbas, leader of the 'Provisional Government of Algeria'. The left-wing *Combat*, which praised the 'fair play' of the French Government, expressed the view that Ferhat Abbas's change of attitude was too spectacular to raise serious hopes. The independent *Le Monde* was quoted as commenting:

> To the extent that the French initiatives and those of the National Liberation Front show a will to peace on either side, the appearance of a 'Bourguibian' Algerian nationalism is not excluded. . . . Intermediate solutions may be possible. Strengthened by the encouragement it is obtaining everywhere, the French government can help to elaborate these.

From the United States, *The New York Times* said that the Fifth Republic got off to a good start when de Gaulle ordered the French army out of politics. It described his directives as 'a challenge not only to the extremists among the French military, but also to the new Algerian government formed in Cairo'. A Moscow broadcast in French said that de Gaulle's directive appeared at first sight worthy of acclaim, but it was based on the 'fiction' that there had been a free vote for integration on September 28 and that there was no war, properly speaking, in Algeria.

President Bourguiba's speech on October 16 on Tunisia's severance of diplomatic relations with the United Arab Republic aroused extensive comment. *Le Monde* was quoted for the view that the breach might help to induce Tunisia to use her influence with the Algerian National Liberation Front in a conciliatory sense. The Socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as describing Tunisia's attitude as a symbol of Arab resistance to Nasserism.

Broadcasts from Cairo strongly condemned President Bourguiba as 'a tool of Western imperialism' and the heir of treason agents like Nuri es-Said and King Feisal, and said he would meet the same fate at the hands of his people. Tunisia's severance of relations with the United Arab Republic was described as another threat in the 'imperialist plot against the Arabs'. But the dispute was with one man only, and not with the Tunisian people. According to *Al Goumhouria*, quoted from Cairo:

> The peoples of Tunisia and the United Arab Republic have nothing between them but pure love and complete identity of aspirations.

The New York Times was quoted as saying:

> The ambition of President Nasser to build for himself an Arab Empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf has suffered the worst set-back to date.

Moscow broadcasts attributed the Tunisian-UAR dispute to 'fresh attempts by the Western Powers to set some Arab States against others'. A broadcast from Tunis in French, referring to the accusations in the Cairo press that the Tunisian Government was 'a tool of Western imperialism', said that Tunisia had always declared herself pro-Western for ideological, geographic and economic reasons, but she had equally emphatically proclaimed her attachment to the Arab world.

Among the accusations against the West broadcast from Moscow radio last week were, first, that the Americans were doing all they could to prolong the stay of their troops in Lebanon; and, secondly, that the American rulers were not interested in ending the Formosa crisis, but were planning intervention against the Chinese people. A third point made was that Britain and the United States did not want nuclear tests to be suspended for any length of time, let alone stopped once and for all.

Did You Hear That?

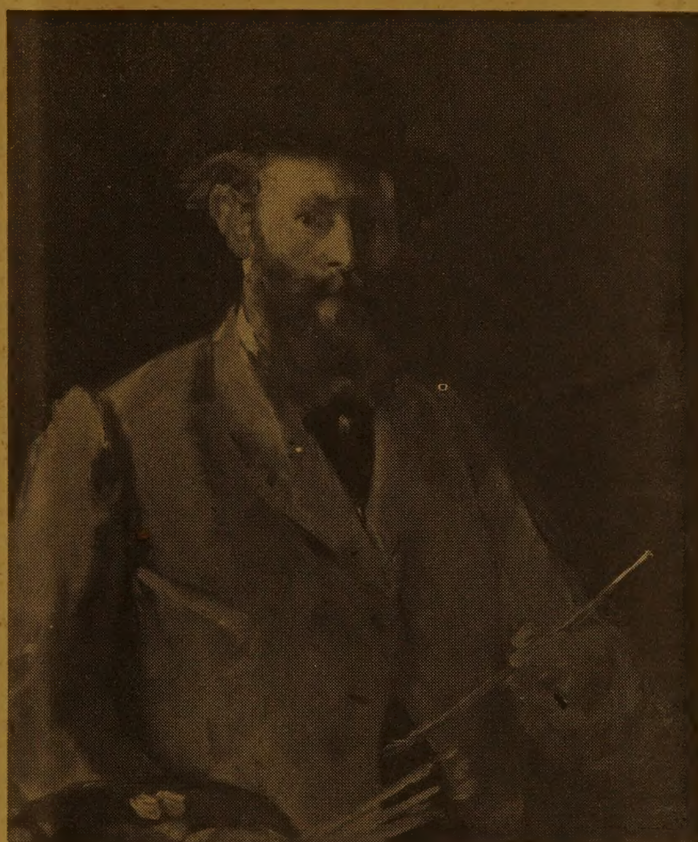
THE LEADING ART CENTRE OF THE WORLD

'LAST WEEK', said DENYS SUTTON in a talk in the General Overseas Service, 'I was present at one of the most important and exciting sales of art treasures ever to have been staged—not only in London but in the world. In just under half an hour seven Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings by Cézanne, Manet, Renoir, and Van Gogh, from the Jakob Goldschmidt collection, made a grand total of £781,000 at Sotheby's. The total itself was the highest figure ever achieved at a one-day sale; moreover, one single picture, Cézanne's 'Boy with the Red Jacket', made the highest price (£220,000) ever paid at an auction.

'The sale stressed, as much as anything else, the international character of the art market. Here was a collection of paintings by French artists brought together in pre-Hitler Germany, sent to the United States, and now brought back to Europe, to London, for dispersal. Such is the nature of the art world that the majority of the pictures sold will once more travel across the Atlantic. The success of the sale proved, too, that London is now firmly established as the leading art centre of the world. Why is this so? The London art market relies on a tradition of competence and fair play that stretches back over several centuries. Again, the charges levied by London auctioneers, that is, the percentage in respect of pictures and works of art, is less than that imposed in Paris or New York.

'The very high prices paid on this occasion confirm the great reputation now enjoyed by the French Impressionist and post-Impressionist painters. Yet it would be wrong to suppose that this is the first time that a particular school of painting has achieved fantastic auction records. Before the 1914 war the Barbizon painters sold for large sums in Paris, London, and New York. At the same period, too, the English eighteenth-century portrait won a considerable reputation. Those were the days when every American millionaire considered that it was appropriate to own a group of English portrait painters. The Impressionists have replaced these two schools in popular favour. To own a Cézanne or a Van Gogh is now the thing to do, if one is rich enough.

'The question universally asked at the moment is: How will the sale affect the art market? The situation is still extremely fluid. It could even prove to be that the prices have reached such heights that those who own nineteenth-century French paintings will not sell them unless they receive a price commensurate (in their view) with those achieved at auction. Yet few buyers are in a position to offer such prices, and those that are able to do so require only the major masterpieces. It may be that the present price level is out of scale compared with the prices paid for Old Masters. For instance, only a short time ago, the National Gallery of Canada paid the Prince of Lichtenstein $850,000 for two fine pictures by Chardin, a Simone Martini, and a Rubens. Aesthetic questions are always hard to resolve in terms of hard cash, but the fact that many will consider that these four pictures were a better investment than, say, a Cézanne or a Van Gogh, may well in the long run affect the market'.


Self portrait by Manet: one of the pictures sold at Sotheby's last week

HONEY FROM WILD BEES

Mr. C. F. CARR, who lives in the New Forest, described in 'Naturalists' Notebook' in Network Three how he goes honey-hunting. 'I was introduced to honey-hunting by a man called Clement Millard', he said. 'At that time we both lived in Weymouth, in the Hardy country. One day he said he would show me how to find, and how to take, wild honey. First, he said, we must find a clover field. It was a hot day in late August and when we got to the field he had in mind, the hum of the bees in the clover was like the sound of traffic on a distant main road. Millard had a method which certainly gave quick results. There was a narrow path through the centre of the field. Taking me to the middle of the field he told me to watch carefully the bees in flight. Some, the unladen bees, were flying high, several feet above the ground and in a variety of directions, as if with no particular purpose. Others were flying low, about a foot above the clover tops, and usually in a straight line. These were the laden bees, homing to get rid of their cargo.

'Millard showed me that it was easily possible to pick up, by concentrating on the observation of one "line" of homing bees, a definite trail leading in one direction towards the edge of the clover field. This is the "bee-line" of the popular phrase, and every bee-keeper knows how to pick up a "bee-line" with his eye and see which way his bees are going for their nectar. Having picked up a "bee-line" in the clover field, we marked the exact position at the edge of the field, and then walked dead straight to this point.

'There Millard told me to watch him closely. He looked carefully around among the tall grass at the edge of the field and then pointed to one clump a few feet away. Spiralling round the top were half-a-dozen bees, which settled one after the other and crawled down towards the roots. A few were crawling upwards and then taking off and flying away. Every minute more bees were arriving and then disappearing into the grassland jungle. Without hesitation, Millard caught hold of the clump of grass at the root, twisted it slowly, and then pulled it, roots and all, out of the ground. It came out cleanly and revealed the top of a round comb of honey about the size of one's doubled fists. The method then was to dig a finger down at the side of the comb, lift it out of the ground as quickly as possible, shake off the bees crawling over it and then walk about ten yards away. This was to get out of the way of the returning bees which quickly formed a small excited cloud of puzzled insects looking for their queen and their home.

'The average comb was a miniature replica of what one finds in a modern garden hive—differently built up, of course, and much smaller in volume. About half the comb was composed of brood cells. There were eggs—which you can see easily with

the naked eye—in some of them and young bees in the others. The other half was honeycomb, and I must say the honey tasted good when Millard broke me off a chunk of comb and showed me how to dig out the honey with my thumb nail and eat it that way on the spot. In less than an hour that afternoon we took eight separate combs, all found without difficulty by following the same method'.

REGIMENTAL GLORIES

Said JOCELYN BRADFORD in a talk in the Home Service: 'Wellington Barracks houses today the Regimental Headquarters of the five Regiments of Foot Guards. You would expect that these headquarters would run with clockwork precision. What you might not be prepared to find is that each is an absolute Aladdin's Cave of military treasures.

'If you visit these headquarters do not be surprised even if you see, among all the paraphernalia of work and the past tokens of regimental glories, the head of a stuffed goose, his throat encircled by a golden "gorget"—a throat collar —and to learn that he was once a "Guardsman" Jacob of the Coldstream. He was, and is now, one of the treasured possessions of the regiment. His record is there for anyone to see from the day he was taken on the strength in Quebec in 1838 to his return to England in 1842, the award of one good conduct badge, and his subsequent death when on detachment at Croydon in 1846. His portrait was painted and he appears in numerous old prints with members of the regiment, whose mascot he was for eight years.

'Guardsman' Jacob—a goose that was the mascot of the Coldstream Guards during the years 1838 to 1846

'There is all the glory of martial endeavour to be found in the many glass cases which line the walls of these headquarters, filled with the medals and decorations of guardsmen long past, but not forgotten; from far beyond the days when campaign medals were first officially struck to Marlborough's time—and even farther back when special medallions were presented for outstanding acts of gallantry. Should you look up the records of the Victoria Cross you will see that three men have won it twice. You will not read there, though, that one man received two V.C.s for the same act of gallantry. It happens to be so, and you will see them—in the Grenadier Guards Headquarters.

'This guardsman won the V.C. some time ago and it figured gloriously on his chest for a multitude of parades. Then, one day, it was missing. He had lost it; official permission to have a replica specially made was obtained. The officers paid for it and it was presented to him with full ceremony and military honours. When the guardsman died an old pawn ticket was found in his effects—and the story came out. Short of money and wanting a pint, he had "popped" the medal. The regiment got the original back and the two now hang side by side.

'The Coldstream value as one of their most treasured possessions the scarlet tunic worn by King George VI as their Colonel-in-Chief on his last Birthday Parade. In complete contrast they also have a tunic of an unknown Coldstreamer about whose history one can speculate for hours. Its style and cut stamp it as about the middle of the eighteenth century; it had for some long period been in a Berlin museum, and was finally retrieved from the eastern zone of Germany about ten years ago. This tunic hangs in its glass case not very far from some gruesome relics of grimmer days of long ago. Among them are the pair of "cat o' nine tails" still in the regiment's possession and telling their own sad story; and a branding iron, used to mark recaptured deserters with the letter "D".

'One Colonel of the Grenadiers was the Duke of Wellington. There is a story about him meeting in the Peninsula an old reprobate of an Irish major, whose predilections were more in favour of strong drink and loot than fighting. Wellington stared at him fixedly a moment and queried "Major M., aren't you? H'm . . . thought I'd hanged you months ago—know I meant to . . . Well, good-day to you", and went on his way. There is one trophy that the Coldstream own which I think deserves special mention. It is not yet two years old. It emanated from the Suez affair. It is the latest type of automatic rifle and it is "Russian" made'.

GOOD, BAD, AND EMANCIPATED

'Women in the Arab Middle East', said DOUGLAS STUART in a talk in the North American Service, 'divide into three classes: good, bad, and emancipated. The good women are wives and mothers; the bad women are dancers, singers, and no better than they should be; the emancipated women are few in number, and hated by the good women and the bad. They are also hated by the majority of Arab men.

'Wandering about the Middle East as a B.B.C. correspondent, my main impression is of an area apparently dominated by men. In Baghdad and Cairo you still see women walking through the streets, veiled and shrouded in black. In Saudi Arabia and the Yemen women are confined to the harem. In the mosques of the Arab world the women do not pray with their menfolk, but are set apart in a special enclosure. In the villages of Iraq a girl goes out to work as a servant in the fields at the age of nine, and is probably married after her twelfth birthday. In Cairo, an American friend of mine asked his Sudanese: "Are you saving any money out of your wages?" "Yes, Sir", was the reply: "Soon I will have enough to buy a wife and return to my village". After that, he meant to do no more work: his wife would do it all for him.

'There are, however, in the Arab lands, a small group of emancipated women, educated for the most part in Britain and in the United States, who are seeking to change this state of affairs. They are working as doctors and nurses; in the Civil Services of their countries; in business and industry. But, whatever they do, they are always regarded with suspicion by their compatriots.

'A generation ago, riots greeted the opening of the first girls' school in Baghdad. Now, most of the towns in Iraq have girls' schools, and this is also true of Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Egypt. But the social system of the Arab Middle East continues to oppress the educated girl. Take the problem of a "date": the other day I was talking with a smart, attractive hostess of an Arab airline company. She told me: "I love London and New York! So much to do! So much to see! So many people to talk to!" I asked her where she lived. "In Jerusalem", she said. "And there it's dead. There are the holy places, where you can pray—and the cinemas". "Well", I said, "don't you like going to the cinema with your boy-friend?" She looked at me as though I were mad. "Boy-friend!" she exclaimed: "If I were to go to the cinema with a man, his family and mine would say that we must marry at once!"

'All that I have said should not make you think that Arab women are of no account. On the contrary, they are immensely powerful. The most important figure in an Arab house is the mother-in-law and, after her, the wife. The husband struts about in public: at home he listens to the boss'.

In Praise of Brighton

WILLIAM PLOMER on a tradition of health and pleasure

BRIGHTON'S tradition of health and pleasure, now well into a second century, is derived from the time of the Regency, and from Regency wealth, taste, extravagance, style, fashion, and sexual freedom. There is probably still a prevalent notion that the Regency period was all dash and gaiety and fine buildings, and that everything was later damped down by Victorian stuffiness, prudishness, propriety, and bad taste. This notion is false, and nobody who holds it can have a proper understanding of Brighton. In fact, in Victorian Brighton sexual licence was rampant. The statistics of public and private prostitution there round about 1860, and the evidence of open indecency at that time, do as much as any anecdotes of high life there early in the century to explain why Brighton's very name came to suggest pleasure. The splendid and fashionable Brighton of Victorian times had a sinister underworld of slums and disease. Today there is a hinterland of suburban commonplace and that general air of standardized respectability which must be expected in an overpopulated and largely socialistic state.

In Victorian times, Kemp Town was believed to be the healthiest part of healthy Brighton, and at the eastern end of Kemp Town are the still unspoilt Lewes Crescent and Sussex Square. To see them is to admire them, and to feel, as one often feels in Brighton, the presence of time past. To have lived there in the last century must sometimes have been to combine one of the heights of Brighton with one of the heights of felicity. In a house in Sussex Square in those days lived my great-uncle Charles, who kept a grand piano in his bedroom, and on fine days, when the front was thronged with the rich and smart and he was taking the air in his open carriage, he would sometimes

J. Allan Cash

Sussex Square, Brighton; and (left) the Undercliff Walk, looking towards Rottingdean

R. Winstone

burst into song. Such high spirits and indifference to public opinion were Brightonian in the best sense —right in the tradition that leads from the pleasures of the Regent to those of the latest young rockers and rollers, the dandified teddy boys and the girls in jeans so tight that a sneeze would burst the seams. Great-uncle Charles is remembered for a tendency to press people to coffee at all sorts of odd moments, and his formula, in addressing my grandmother, was: 'Won't you take a cup of cawfee, my dear creature?' To me Sussex Square is inseparable from that phrase. It is, I suppose, the mark of a literary man to associate some phrase with a particular place, and there are other parts of Brighton which also have, for me, their special phrases.

It is only a step from Sussex Square to the Undercliff Walk, one of England's winter joys. Choose a clear, sunny morning in January or February, when there is a sharp north or north-east wind. As you walk towards Rottingdean and look up at the glaring white cliffs under a turquoise sky, with black jackdaws gossiping on ledges, you will learn how white whiteness can be. 'I thought *my* cliffs were white', a visitor from Dover might say, 'until I used your Undercliff Walk'. Your face will begin to tingle with something like sunburn, and you will have forgotten all about the wind and the winter, and the wind-swept hockey girls of Roedean up above. If ever a building deserved the name, Roedean can be called a pile. House agents sometimes try to sell a house by describing it as secluded but

not isolated; Roedean might reasonably be called isolated but not secluded.

Rottingdean, like Brighton once a village, is now a suburb of Brighton; and that end of Brighton may be said to have inherited a faint aroma of 'artiness'. A member of a family I know met Lady Burne-Jones there one afternoon. 'And what are the children doing this afternoon?' he asked. 'They are paddling', she replied, 'swimming, fishing, boating, and other sylvan joys'. What on earth did she think she meant by 'sylvan'? Was ever ineptness so combined with preciosity?

At the opposite extreme lies Hove. I wonder if a love of Brighton can also embrace Hove. 'Hove', a writer in the *West Sussex Gazette* remarked the other day, 'has little history, and what it has is mainly dull'. Hove refuses municipal amalgamation with Brighton, from which it is inseparable: but even if the two were united, besides being joined, this writer said, 'Brighton would always be exciting and Hove would always be dull'. Hove is like a prim wife living under the same roof with a flighty husband whose advances she repels, and with whom she is not on speaking terms: when she has to communicate with him about the gas bill and such matters, she probably pushes a note under his door.

A few years ago I had to visit a house in Hove late on a Sunday afternoon in December. My errand was not a happy one, and I had to go and return on foot. The streets were gloomy, empty, and silent, without mystery or charm, and it seemed unlikely that the sun had ever shone upon them. I felt myself seized with that want of hope which, to a Christian, is a sin; and I was only delivered from it by remembering how I had once overheard a remark made by a buxom woman on the front at Hove to her companion. 'Give me Brighton every time', she said, 'I 'ate 'Ove'. No doubt by many Hove is regarded as Brighton's better half, but explorers of Brighton, the real Brighton, may feel as they wander westwards that when they find Palmeira Square on their left and a floral clock on their right they may as well do a right-about-turn.

But what *is* the real Brighton? The answer is that there are a thousand different Brightons, and it is because the place has such variety that it is so much more than a mere seaside resort. To people of earlier generations, cockneys mostly, it was a place to go for what they called a lark or a spree. With knowing winks, hints were dropped in saloon bars and smoking-rooms of clandestine week-ends at Brighton. More serious persons went there, as my parents did, for their honeymoon. For some, Brighton is a place to walk to, in competition; for some, it is a place to drive antique cars to. For some, it means Brighton races; for others, Brighton rock, a day trip with 'the kiddies', and a jaunt in the 'Skylark'. For those interested in the stage, it is a place where new plays are often tried out. There can be a special pleasure in sitting in that compact and almost cosy theatre, seeing something new and exercising one's critical faculties upon it: and one would not be at all surprised to see a celebrity or two in the audience—even, perhaps, Mr. Gilbert Harding.

Nor must the music hall be forgotten. I remember seeing Laurel and Hardy at the Brighton Hippodrome, poor Hardy past his prime but all his mannerisms imperishably fixed in one's memory — the ingratiating smile, when his eyes almost disappeared in his chubby face; the assumed sweetness of manner in the face of danger; the despairing reproach to the bungling Laurel as they found themselves in yet one more alarming situation: 'And *now* look what a mess you've got us into!' Then there is the purely twentieth-century ice-stadium. One summer just before the war it was advertising some show as 'The Great Ice-Epic'. This caught the attention of Virginia Woolf, who happened to be with me. To someone of her background, education and profession the word 'epic' was not one to be used lightly, and I remember the mixture of thoughtfulness and amusement in her voice as she murmured, 'What exactly *is* an "ice-epic"?'.

I have lately added to my collection of Brighton phrases one which will in future be associated in my mind with the place where I found it—the quarter that lies on your left as you come out of Brighton station, the eastward-facing slope that lies between Trafalgar Street and North Street. It is largely a Dickensian quarter of small houses and small shops, and it has never, in my experience, been without character—or characters. I was astonished the other day to see, on the window of one of these small shops, a bold notice saying 'LEGS WANTED'. Naturally I drew nearer to find out what they were wanted for. In much smaller letters underneath were the words 'to fill our trousers'. If the first purpose of advertisement is to catch one's attention, then this seems to have the right idea; and its humour seems related to that of some of those outrageous seaside postcards without which Brighton would not be itself. May their broadness never get narrower!

If Brighton is in some ways less interesting than it used to be, that is because it is part of the period we are living in. It is noisier than it was and there is more traffic every year. Also, although there are good modern shops where you can buy all sorts of new things at tempting prices—the same things at the same prices as elsewhere—there are inevitably fewer shops of the old, idiosyncratic kind. Gone is that notable jeweller with his museum-like window, full of precious rarities; gone is that mildly eccentric tailor; and the old-fashioned chemist who, when I once asked him for lozenges, crushingly replied, 'Quite a misnomer, sir! You mean pastilles'. And it is perfectly obvious nowadays that the antique shops and junk shops have been in the export trade—but that is not peculiar to Brighton. I wonder if those strangely preoccupied-looking men, known as the 'blacksanders', still make such interesting finds as they used to. After a storm, when the tide has receded, they are to be seen walking slowly along the shore with their eyes cast down and a great air of concentration. They look like pessimistic philosophers, a bunch of Schopenhauers. In fact, they are searching for small change or bits of jewellery, turned out of the shingle by the waves.

Its basic virtues Brighton can hardly lose—its nearness to London, its southern aspect, its light and air, its healthiness, its invitation to pleasure. But it owes its character at the present day largely to the ability and good sense of those who control it, and to their making the most of what is new without destroying what is old. Essentially Brighton is a creation of the nineteenth century. Even if all the evidence of that were done away with, it would still have great advantages, but Brighton would have lost its character.

—*Third Programme*

Houses at Rottingdean, 'once a village, now a suburb of Brighton' *J. Allan Cash*

The plan for the Barbican in the City of London: three thirty-one-storey blocks of flats stand outside the residential zone, which consists of two large quadrangles. Right, foreground, is the parish church of St. Giles

The Creation of Character in Towns*

By ROBERT MATTHEW

THE evaluation of urban character is a subjective operation. My own life has been spent mostly in Edinburgh, a city of diverse and strongly marked character. I have found its contrasting environments equally congenial to civilized living: on the one hand the calm, spacious, orderly qualities of the classical New Town, in scale with the forest trees that stand above the dignified façades; and, on the other, the close romantic disarray of the Old Town on the Castle Hill, where kirk, Town house and the Parliament Hall crowd round the Heart of Midlothian.

I must also say that I have a warm regard for suburbia, a form of urban character peculiarly British. The quality of the suburban 'Arcadia' of my childhood still lingers: high, stone, rubble walls, fringed with trees; houses set in small gardens; narrow, quiet streets; almost every vista closed by rocky crags—wild mountains, so they seemed then, for the young to play over undisturbed.

All this affects judgments made today: but, allowing for an infinite variety of experience, we can surely seek those common qualities of beauty and grace that transform the town into something more than a mere utility.

Town building, or, rather, rebuilding, is in a lively state of transition. The fringes of most towns have changed out of all recognition in thirty years; private enterprise and public housing authorities settled large numbers of families in entirely new surroundings and many small towns acquired greater urban scale. At the same time, the industrial suburb came into existence and with it almost the end of 'Arcadia'. The well-intentioned attempt to collect small factory units into industrial zones or estates began towards the end of this period, but in practice hardly improved the character of the suburbs. Indeed, as the new industrial zones came to life on the edges of the built-up areas, they frequently appeared to be no more than an extension of the old industrial sprawl. Most of this peripheral residential development was influenced by ideas associated with the garden city movement. In Scotland, the older tradition of building tenements to the urban fringe persisted, modifying the 'cottage' character typical of the average local authority housing estate in England.

It is sometimes forgotten that this great phase of town expansion started well. During the 1914-18 war a number of estates were planned and built for the Government, some of these directly by the old Office of Works; at Rosyth for the Naval Dockyard; at Gretna for the Army; and at Eltham, Kent, for Woolwich Arsenal. All of these had something of the quality we now associate with Hampstead, Welwyn, and Letchworth, as had some early L.C.C. cottage estates, notably at Tottenham and Roehampton. These have grown gracefully to maturity, with trees, hedges and greens; today they stand out in comparison with much subsequent work. The influence of Unwin, Voysey, Gotch, Norman Shaw, and, in Scotland, Lorimer, on small house design and layout, had not at that time disappeared.

The rush of the first post-war housing drive changed all that: the shattering blow of the Geddes axe did much more than cut costs—it finally killed a tradition, and marked the end of an era—hardly the beginning of a new one! New economic circumstances found architects and planners unprepared, with no basis of theoretical study: subsequent attempts to carry on as before, but at considerably less cost, had little chance of success. The rudiments of community planning were forgotten, or ignored, for many years, until vast Dagenhams confronted the social worker with an entirely new set of urban problems. Civic development seemed typified in a spate of town halls, too often thought of as solitary buildings, maybe within a formal garden, but also aloof from their surroundings. When the town hall developed in scale into the 'civic centre' this quality of separateness tended to become exaggerated. The architect in practice had little influence on town-planning, in the sense of being able to control the relationship of buildings and open spaces. In those few cases when he did have some scope to plan on a larger scale—we can think of the Headrow in Leeds, or earlier Regent Street and Kingsway

*Broadcast version of an address given to the British Architects' conference in May

in London—a monumental approach to urban character seemed to have been irresistible.

In spite of sporadic slum clearance and widespread obsolescence, town centres did not, between the wars, alter extensively. L.C.C. 'Georgian' at four and five storeys replaced narrow-fronted, two- and three-storey terraces. In Scotland, massive stone tenements (with bathrooms) replaced massive stone tenements (without bathrooms), with no great change in the general pattern.

Taking the country as a whole, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that, between the wars, urban character deteriorated. The conditions under which character could be renewed hardly seemed to have been seriously examined. Economic circumstances, no doubt, forced most architects to think primarily in terms of individual buildings; there is little evidence of collective thought, still less action, on the wider problems of town building. In striking contrast, we can remember the excitement of visits to Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, matched only by a dismal sense of anti-climax on returning to this country, where little seemed to happen of any real architectural interest.

Experiment at home was mainly in housing: slum clearance groups by the city architect of Liverpool, Lancelot Keay; the Quarry Hill flats at Leeds, notable for their introduction of a civilized mechanical system of refuse disposal; a small block of flats built in concrete by Emberton in Stepney; a few blocks of flats by the L.C.C. that had departed from the Georgian tradition but remained similar in layout; Lutyens's chequer-board flats in Horseferry Road, London. In Scotland there was, literally, nothing. In the suburbs the development of the Wythenshawe estate by the City of Manchester gave promise of a fresh outlook, with its beautifully landscaped parkway—the first, I think, in this country—some protection of pedestrians from fast traffic, and a general sense of community planning, including planning for industry.

Outside the field of housing, experiments in the deliberate creation of urban character are hard to find. The research vacuum existing in the architectural world around 1918 had a deep and unfortunate effect on the nature and quality of the new urban environments created during the inter-war period. This criticism could not be made after the second world war. Although there is still no firm tradition in this country for academic research in architecture or civic design, the Ministries and the Building Research Station undertook a series of studies in the course of a few years—beginning during the war—that, taken together, have profoundly influenced the way in which progressive development has since taken place.

Among the first studies having a lasting influence are probably those contained in the *County of London Plan,* by Professor Abercrombie and the then architect to the L.C.C., J. H. Forshaw, dealing with community and neighbourhood planning. While some of these ideas have been modified in the light of practice, most of them formed the basis for subsequent urban studies, and the *County Plan* still remains a classic text-book. The *Handbook on the Redevelopment of Central Areas,* issued by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning—and now out of print—is a memorable official manual. Some of the best architectural talent in the country had examined in that document the principal physical problems likely to be met in replanning existing town centres. The techniques and standards suggested opened up a new world of spatial relationships, based on the practical study of the problems of increasing the efficiency of accommodation and of traffic flow. Plot ratios and daylight factors are now everyday tools at the disposal of the designer; only a decade ago such logical aids did not exist.

At the same time, this body of semi-scientific knowledge is now also at the disposal of the planning authorities, and the extent to which the application of theory to practice becomes mandatory is a matter of some importance to the individual architect. This varies greatly among planning authorities, and in some directions, such as the control of the total bulk of building, no one could say that this is unreasonable. The precise point where principle begins and ends is, however, not so simple; the control of the external appearance of buildings by planning authorities is a matter of some controversy. What is not in doubt is that such control can determine character in a decisive way. My own inclination is towards the largest possible degree of individual freedom; but at the same time this should include the possibility, indeed the desirability, of a planning authority—provided it is advised by a competent architect—itself creating an imaginative piece of townscape, where circumstances warrant it, especially in areas where comprehensive rebuilding is likely to take place. I do not think that any architect could reasonably feel unduly restricted if, say, he were asked to design in detail one of the buildings forming part of Holford's general scheme for St. Paul's precinct. It becomes, however, a matter of great importance that the techniques of collaboration between the authority and subsequent developers should be established in such a way that the ultimate result will, in all its aspects, be a positive contribution to town-planning.

Model of the new physics building for Liverpool University (architect, Basil Spence)

As I am discussing specifically the *creation* of character—in contrast to its acquisition and development by time and gradual change—the years since the last war might be imagined as the richest quarries for this very subject—fifteen New Towns (even Leonardo would have appreciated the scale of this imaginative undertaking); the bombed and obsolescent town centres, as they say, 'ripe for redevelopment'; programmes for housing, education, health, industry and power production; in total, a vast bulk of building, most of it located in towns or at any rate in urban areas.

Apart, however, from the special category of housing, all this has added up to remarkably little in terms of significant change of character. During and immediately after the war, many plans were prepared, on the assumption that the opportunity had arrived for comprehensive replanning of the older, and in some cases obsolescent, town centres. For many reasons, this opportunity has so far occurred only to a small extent—mostly in cities damaged by bombing. Even in London, however, it has been estimated that less than 10 per cent. of the area of the county was accounted for in 1949 by war damage, temporary buildings and vacant land available for building. The Great Fire of 1666 probably did proportionately more damage in London than the war-time raids on any English city.

In addition, it must be said that the general climate of public opinion still remains, on the whole, discouraging to change and predisposed to the maintenance of the familiar environment. This fear of change is frequently expressed in terms of respect for continuity and tradition. It is not always remembered that the most persistent tradition in the history of the development of towns is just this capacity for change, in face of changing needs, as the essential means of survival.

Plan for the entrance forecourt of the new arts faculty of Cambridge University (architects, Sir Hugh Casson and Neville Conder)

Architects' Journal

While, clearly, too much was expected after the war, it follows that great opportunities for replanning still exist, and in some directions we can see the kind of character that may emerge. The city of Coventry is an example—the new town centre has now taken shape, in spite of prolonged argument about the exclusion of wheeled traffic from the main shopping precinct. It may well be that Coventry first faced the implications of the question 'What is a city centre?' Today, part of the answer is now in existence. The total effect is cheerful, almost gay. It certainly has human scale, and has successfully avoided pomp and monotony. Even with the new cathedral only partly built, we can acknowledge a considerable achievement of character.

The big bombed areas of London are still largely undeveloped, except where sites have been taken for housing. But many plans have been made. The plan for the precinct of St. Paul's is probably the most outstanding example of the deliberate creation of urban character since Regency England.

Plans for the Barbican, the former commercial area on the northern fringe of the City of London, have now, it seems, crystallized. This area, occupied before the war by factories, warehouses, and offices, at one time looked like being redeveloped on similar lines, the traditional 'back-yard' to the City. The Kadleigh-Horsbrugh plan, however, though provocative in its immense scale, focused attention on the possibility that people might return once more to live in the City: in 1851 the resident population of the parish was more than 14,000; in 1951 there remained 28. The architects, Chamberlin, Powell and Bon, have now prepared a plan for part of the area, a residential zone for more than 6,000 people, leaving the remainder for offices, for which a plan by the City and L.C.C. in collaboration has been evolved. The models so far published are exhilarating. The commercial area has a series of towers and low groups of office buildings. The residential zone, conceived on an expansive scale, consists of two large quadrangles, containing, in addition to the parish church of St. Giles, a secondary school and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Three thirty-one-storey slim towers of flats stand outside the courtyards, in strong contrast to their horizontal lines. Pedestrians move freely on an upper level of broad promenades and bridges, with a canal and ornamental water below, used as part of the landscaping. If it is carried out on the lines suggested, this scheme may well set a new standard in urban design, on a scale we have not seen in this country for a long time.

If there is a trend to be observed in housing, it is towards a closer integration of building, especially at ground level, a difference of emphasis that is noticeable, for instance, between the Pimlico layout and the more recent housing group at Golden Lane in the City of London. Both schemes are at maximum permitted residential density—200 persons to the acre—and both have high and low buildings. Pimlico, facing the river, is not so tightly grouped, and the general effect is maintained by the long, high blocks. At Golden Lane, a short seventeen-storey block dominates, but does not overwhelm, the low buildings. The whole is drawn together by strong lines of terracing at varying levels with ramps and steps; to my mind, one of the most successful recent essays in townscape.

'The Priory': part of the new housing scheme designed by Eric Lyons at Blackheath

A degree of close planning was aimed at in the first section of the Lansbury neighbourhood in the East End of London, planned by the L.C.C. and built before 1951. The market square, replacing an existing congested street market, has developed considerable character, built up from a number of interesting elements—the open and covered markets, a short length of traffic-free shops, and, inevitably, the clock tower. The two-storey closes, facing paved forecourts separated from the

roadway, seem exactly in tune with the traditional atmosphere of the East End of London. To my Scottish mind, steeped in the tenemental gloom of the typical 'east end' of the northern cities, Stepney-Poplar, on a first visit, gives an almost small-town impression—open skies, and sunlight penetrating into the smallest backyard. Such is the subjectivity of judgment of character.

It seems to me that, particularly in housing, a sense of human quality—even mild gaiety—is now beginning to creep back into the townscape. This is also strikingly noticeable in school buildings. For the most part, new school buildings are a colourful and friendly element in the urban scene. While the university campus cannot, in general, be said to glow in the warmth of architectural distinction, Casson's new arts faculty at Cambridge and Leslie Martin's layout for Leicester give promise that even here a new view of appropriate character may be on the way.

Influence of Early University Buildings

The consequential effects of the character of early university buildings on our towns is often forgotten. The influence of the English collegiate layout, through the eighteenth-century commercial houses, with living quarters above, ultimately produced the nineteenth-century office block, with the quiet internal lawn shrunk to the scale of the light-well, as demands for floor space on limited sites added height. Is it fanciful to see, in some groups of recent building, a return to the essential quality of the older collegiate tradition? The New York Lever building solution is not so different; the former decorative tower has been made useful to take the overspill in floor space from the reduced bulk of the podium; the courtyard again becomes an amenity.

This approach to planning has two effects; first, to bring back human scale into large units of building; second, to open up new possibilities in handling building mass. This last point is especially important today with the growth in size, for administrative and other reasons, of certain classes of buildings such as technical colleges and hospitals. The hospital group recently planned at Slough by Powell and Moya and the science building for Liverpool University by Basil Spence are good illustrations of the breakdown of the great block into smaller and contrasting masses. This inevitably brings tall buildings into the picture, with all their problems.

With the single exception of the Old Town of Edinburgh, we have been, historically, in this country, conservative in the matter of height. It has been estimated that, even today, three-quarters of London's buildings are four storeys or less, although it was not until 1894 that the L.C.C. took power to limit height. To prohibit tall buildings, on principle, would surely throw away an asset of great potential value. The question of control is, however, raised in acute form and cannot be evaded. I, personally, do not see how, unless the planning authority takes a positive initiative, as I have already suggested, chaos can be avoided.

So far, I have been thinking of urban character in relation to existing towns, but in this country, since the war, there has been an unusual opportunity to experiment in the creation of quite new urban environments. The New Towns—fifteen of them now partly built—have not been lacking critics. Some of these wrote them off as failures, even in their first decade of existence. 'Everything about New Towns is new', wrote Lord Silkin; character on this scale takes time to mature. Criticism has been mainly directed to two points; the low density and too-open character of the residential areas, and the slow development of the town centres. On the first point, it is obvious that large-scale landscaping will be necessary to give a sense of unity, and this cannot be rapidly attained. There is also a danger that over-ample space may invite piecemeal infilling at a later date. The initial delay in building the town centres has certainly been regrettable. Ideally, a New Town should start with its core of public buildings. In practice this has not been possible. A start has now been made, however, and it would seem that the qualities aimed at are those of informal enclosure, modest scale, variety and interest. Some of the neighbourhood centres recently built have achieved this kind of personality—rarely found in housing areas before the war.

I believe that much of the early criticism of the New Towns has been over-hasty; from the great interest in our New Towns taken abroad (including Russia), it may well be that we are doing much better than we think in this most difficult task of creating a new urban environment from scratch.

New housing by private enterprise has played a relatively small part in the developing urban landscape since the war. From what we have seen in the last few years, it does not appear that the private developer has changed his ideas much in the last quarter of a century. Here, surely, is a field wide open for experiment, as the exceptional housing developments designed by Eric Lyons at Ham and Blackheath clearly show. These housing groups are so obviously congenial to those now living there that it becomes the more difficult to understand why the techniques used by the private developer have for so long remained almost static in a world of great change.

Sir William Holford* has underlined the necessity, in this technological age, to get to grips once more with scale. Looking at the great columns of Baalbec a few months ago, it was not difficult to visualize a severe dichotomy, no doubt deliberate, between the temples and the—presumably—subdued human scale of the surrounding town. Today, we have an even more striking dichotomy; but it is not planned, nor, indeed, desired. Every year we see more and more evidence of the new technological scale both in the countryside and in the heart of the city. We remember the bitter controversy over the rebuilding of the power station at Bankside in London—facing St. Paul's. Since then, power station capacity has grown steadily: with nuclear power there is a further significant increase in building mass. My own experience recently with a station located on the fringe of a small town—average height, two storeys—does not suggest that the problems of integrating the new technological scale with older development have been sufficiently studied. Tree planting seemed, in the case mentioned, the only answer; more often, a space for mass foliage is not available, and in any case a 'blanket' solution of this kind may do little more than mask the real problem.

So, too, with road works. It is only recently that the true measure of the automobile in terms of landscaping has been seen in this country; our hitherto detached interest in its extraordinary effect on American towns has changed almost to apprehension as new projects appear. The elevated highway out of London to the north-west will, apparently, rise to sixty feet to sweep over existing buildings; the piers and anchorage cables of the road bridge over the River Forth will bestride the small town of South Queensferry. These are preliminary shots and indications only, but we can be reasonably certain that in the near future the number and scale of new plant installations of all kinds, and road and aerodrome works, many of these in the open countryside but some also in cities, will substantially increase.

Humanizing Technology

The tragedy is that these essentials to our present modes of living are too often promoted in an atmosphere of hostility and frustration. We need power: we must have freedom to move about: but we need, above all, an effort to understand the situation and come to terms with it. These twentieth-century artefacts can, I believe, be humanized. After all, the railways did not always massacre the townscape, although they sometimes did so; some viaducts, we must acknowledge, are among our great monuments. With sufficient imagination, the new monuments of technology may be transformed into valuable elements in the urban environment: indeed, they must be. If they are not, we may move backwards into another age of industrial chaos, but on a gigantic scale, and the qualities of human scale that we seek so earnestly may well wither away.—*Third Programme*

The latest volume of the enterprising Bedfordshire Historical Record Society (No. XXXVIII), price 25s., contains: 'A Bedford Fragment and the Burning of Two Fraticelli at Avignon in 1354', by D. W. Whitfield; 'John Lord Wenlock of Someries', by J. S. Roskell; 'The Tower of London Letter-Book of Sir Lewis Dyve, 1646-47', edited by H. G. Tibbutt; and 'Inventory of Furniture at Houghton House, *c.* 1726-28', edited by Evelyn Curtis. The Letter-Book of Sir Lewis Dyve is of particular value because Dyve was a prisoner in the Tower of London at the same time as John Lilburne, and his letter throws new light on the relations between Oliver Cromwell and the Levellers and upon the hopes and fears of the Royalists in the critical year 1647.

* 'Character in the Architecture of Towns': THE LISTENER, October 9

Memories of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry

By BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON*

IT may well be that I am the only person still living who acted with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry together. I toured with them in the autumn of 1900, only some eighteen months before their twenty-four years' association ended, and I was then, I think, the youngest member of the company, being just nineteen. A few months before, my mother and I had met Sir Henry walking down Bond Street.

'Beatrice', said my mother, 'thinks of going on the stage'.

'Hé', he replied, with his famous neighing ejaculation, 'then send her to me'. And so it was done.

Looking back over a lifetime, I ask myself what it was that caused the Lyceum management to shine so brightly. First, it was the character of Irving himself. He served his theatre with absolute devotion, having practically no pleasures or interests outside it. Financial success was important to him only as it helped the Lyceum; he was willing to teeter on the edge of bankruptcy all his life to this end, and died a poor man. Then, the personality of the two stars; Irving all strength and grandeur, Ellen all light and grace. Irving's personality was so outstanding that when he entered a room or the stage, one was conscious of no one else, save only Ellen. There was something princely about him. In the theatre he was called 'the Governor'. Everyone was rather frightened of him; no one save Ellen ever dared argue with him. He had no intimates.

Henry Irving as Dr. Primrose and Ellen Terry as his daughter in 'Olivia' at the Lyceum Theatre, London, 1885

'Nellie', my mother once asked her, 'has Henry really ever loved anyone?'

'Fussie, Gertie, Fussie', said Ellen. Fussie was his fox-terrier. He stood alone, the self-dedicated servant of his art.

This single-mindedness made him a magnificent producer and a great character actor. His saints and devils have never been surpassed, but his temperament precluded equal success with lovers. His Romeo was a failure. On the other hand, his capacity to express tenderness, as apart from passion, increased with age; when he forgave his erring daughter in *Olivia* it always made me weep.

Beside this grand, aloof and rather alarming figure stood his faithful partner of twenty-four years, Dame Ellen Terry, the most sparkling, beautiful, kind, lovable, and loving person I have ever known. Such a combination, and such a contrast! Irving was slow, Ellen swift. Irving's humour was pawky, Ellen's overflowed like a bubbling well. His gestures were stiff, hers—though she was a big woman of five foot nine—seemed as spontaneous and rippling as a stream. She was all laughter and light, or all sweetness and tenderness. But the sheer power he had, she lacked. If his Romeo was defective, so was her Lady Macbeth, perfect only in the sleep-walking scene. She could never be villainous, and the heights of physical passion were, I think, beyond her scope. She was born to play Rosalind (though she never had the opportunity) but not Cleopatra.

As a producer Irving had no rival until the rise of Tree at Her Majesty's. Irving engaged the finest scenic artists; Madox Brown and Burne-Jones were among his costume designers; the young George Alexander and Forbes-Robertson were two of his juveniles. He used a great many 'supers'—that was possible then, when they cost only half a crown a night—but he never overloaded his sets as Tree was apt to do. He was a great stickler for audibility and good pronunciation. Rehearsing in *Robespierre* I had to use the word 'royal', and my 'oy' was apparently not round enough. Maud Milton, the character actress, drew me on one side: 'Don't let the Governor hear you say "ryal"—it must be "*roy*al"'. Then Loveday, the stage manager: 'Whatever you do, don't say "ryal" when the Governor turns up. He would have a fit'. Finally, Ellen herself. 'B, don't let Henry hear you say "ryal". Say "boy, boy, boy". Now "*royal*"'. After that I said '*royal*'!

Unluckily, I was not able to see the Governor creating a new production. We were doing five revivals at that time, and he appeared only at the final rehearsals, with little Loveday the stage manager frisking round him like an anxious spaniel. The Governor did no more than throw

Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, 1888

Henry Irving as Shylock, 1880
Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum

* Niece of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson

cues to the new members of the company, with an apparent absent-mindedness which hid the awareness of a hawk. To Ellen he would say 'Hé, Nellie, we will leave our scene out', and she would fit herself into his mood with her invariable sunny tact. Irving ignored the company as far as he could. But Ellen was warmly gracious and encouraging to us all. I used to watch them, both at rehearsals and on tour, trying to learn something of the finer points of their playing. But none of it was strange to me, since I had watched them almost from babyhood. For my mother was an intimate of Ellen's, and I used to be planted on the 'O.P.' (opposite prompter) side to watch, while mother sat with the star in her dressing-room. In this way I had already seen three of our five revivals—*The Merchant of Venice, Olivia*, and *The Bells*. The only plays new to me were *The Lyons Mail*, an effective melodrama, and *Robespierre*, a poor Sardou.

My mother, who travelled with the company to be with me, also watched many times during the tour. One evening she was sitting in the wings, in a pale-grey dress and toque, when Irving, as Shylock, spied her. He wandered over to the O.P. side, peering, then, quite audibly, ejaculated 'Hé! it's you. I thought it was a Turk!'

By 1900 Irving was hard up, and consequently our company lacked an expensive juvenile lead. There *was* one brilliant actor with us, Irving's younger son Lawrence, but for some reason dark to us all, he was given only small parts. However, he consoled himself; for our *ingénue* was Mabel Hackney, and during the tour they became engaged. Theirs was an admirable theatrical partnership, only ending some years later when both were so tragically drowned in a collision in the St. Lawrence river.

No Prompting for the Governor

Not only was Irving hard up in 1900, but he was old for his age, tired and discouraged. As a result he sometimes forgot his lines, as Ellen notoriously did. Frank Tyars, an old member of the company, used to recite the Governor's speeches *sotto voce* when near him on the stage, so that Irving could pick them up at any point. But if feeling well, the Governor disliked redundant help, and one night Loveday—in tails, opera hat, and white gloves—came on to the stage just before the curtain rose on the trial scene in *The Bells* and addressed us all: 'Ladies and gentlemen, no one is to prompt the Governor tonight. You understand, the Governor is *not* to be prompted'.

On another evening, in *The Lyons Mail*, this embargo brought trouble. Irving had to chuck a girl under the chin, exclaiming 'Pretty little girl!' He did so, then dried completely, the prompter being too far off to be heard. Whereupon, the Governor put on an act which seemed to last for ever. 'Hé! *Pretty* little girl'. Cross right, snap the long fingers: 'Pretty, *pretty* little girl'. Cross left—another chuck: 'Pretty, *very* pretty little girl, hé!—pretty!' And so on, until someone supplied the next line.

Improvising in ordinary dialogue is possible, but not in Shakespeare. One night Ellen, as Portia, dried in the very middle of 'The quality of mercy' speech. She had come to 'And therefore Jew, though justice be thy plea' when the word 'plea' left her. The whole company was on the set, as crowd, guards, and so forth, and many heads intervened between her and the prompter. She turned to the assembled Venetians, asking audibly, 'What do I say next?' Every person on the stage murmured 'plea', and it sounded like a chord of music wafting round the set. Ellen nodded and smiled. 'Plea', said she, and sailed on. The pause lasted only about three seconds, but I had time to go cold to my toes with terror.

Irving's generosity was prince-like, as my family had occasion to know. As a mere lad, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who had been trained as an artist, was playing Claudio in Irving's *Much Ado*, and the Governor commissioned him to do a painting of the church scene with portraits of the cast. The result delighted him, and he sent Johnston a cheque for double the amount agreed, which my uncle twice returned as too much. Irving, however, sent it back both times, with such gracious words as finally demanded acceptance. The picture now hangs in the Players' Club, New York.

My mother's father, the critic Joseph Knight, an old friend of Irving's, was another beneficiary. In 1905, owing to an amalgamation of two journals, Knight lost his job as dramatic critic to one of them. Whereupon Irving organized a huge dinner of the theatrical profession in Knight's honour, acted as host, and announced that he thought a material tribute should be added to the book of guests' autographs being prepared.

In 1897 Forbes-Robertson was at a loss for a play; he wanted to do *Hamlet*, but doubted if he could afford it. He consulted Irving, who said he would let him have the Lyceum cheap, and would lend him all his own scenery and costumes for *Hamlet*. The production was a triumphant success. Later, Irving said to a friend, 'It is the Hamlet of all time; the prince, the scholar, and the gentleman. He was born to play it—I can think of no other Hamlet'. This, from a man who was himself a famous Hamlet, was generous praise indeed.

But, as with so many actors, Irving's generosity stopped short at one point. He could not bring himself to produce a play in which his own part was not outstanding. As I said, Ellen was born to play Rosalind, and Irving, knowing this, thought of *As You Like It* and had both scenery and costumes designed. The models and sketches were ranged round his dressing-room; my father, Ian, calling one evening, saw them, and was delighted. '*What* a success you will have!' he exclaimed. 'You will make your fortune! Just *think* of Nellie as Rosalind!'

'Hé' said the Governor, with a rather glassy stare. 'Yes, Nellie. But what about me? Touchstone? The melancholy Jaques? Hé!'

In the end he never did *As You Like It* for Ellen, though it is true he would have made a fortune with it both in England and America, for Ellen was, for many years, a bigger 'draw' than her famous partner; many people disliked his work because of his eccentric mannerisms, while everyone adored hers. Several times she played poor parts to help him, but he could not reciprocate. He had to come first, and had to be in what I heard Sir Herbert Tree call 'My little hiding-place in the centre of the stage'.

In illustration, there is the story of a rehearsal of *The Corsican Brothers*. It was before my time, but my family told me of it. Irving had to fight a rapier duel with William Terris, in a moonlit grove. The moon shone full upon the Governor but, as the duel progressed, the actors changed places, and Irving was now on the prompt side. The moon, however, thoroughly knowing its duty, followed the Governor round. Whereupon Terris, who had been a sailor, and feared no man, lowered the point of his sword. 'Hang it all, Governor', he expostulated, 'the moon *is* impartial!' After that, I was told, Terris was permitted a small, very small, share of moonlight.

As for the generosity of Ellen Terry, it was like the sun for warmth. All her life she gave all she could to those she loved: husbands, sweethearts, children, grandchildren, and friends. Irving was a king in the theatre, but Ellen was 'a darling of the Gods'. He made himself a great actor by sheer intelligence and hard work; she, working equally hard, was what the Americans call 'a natural'. Since Garrick and Siddons there has been no comparable combination. What a privilege it was to have known them well and—however briefly—to have played with them.

—*Home Service*

By-products

The robin in September has a song
Made poignant by its solitude. A man
Walking alone between a mighty span
Of mountains, the only moving creature along
Mile after mile of unfrequented road,
Carries that sadness too. The singleness
Of each, past reason or wildest mortal guess,
Weights the heart with this unbearable load.

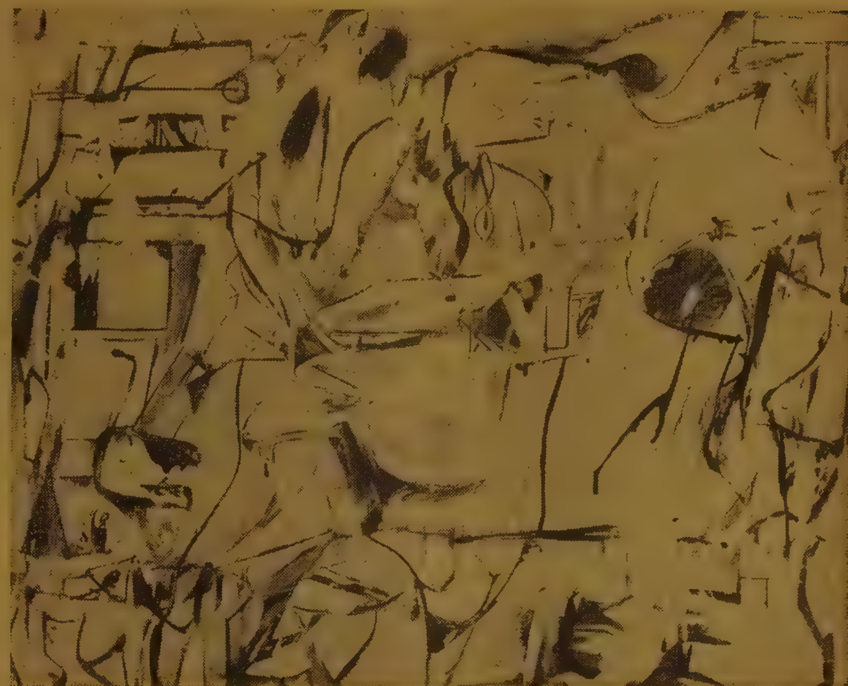
What are these chance by-products of event,
Place, circumstance and passing mood,
That come with auguries of ill or good,
Unfounded hopes, unwarranted despair,
To linger when the robin's song is spent,
And the distant walker is no longer there?

RICHARD CHURCH

Art in New York Today

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

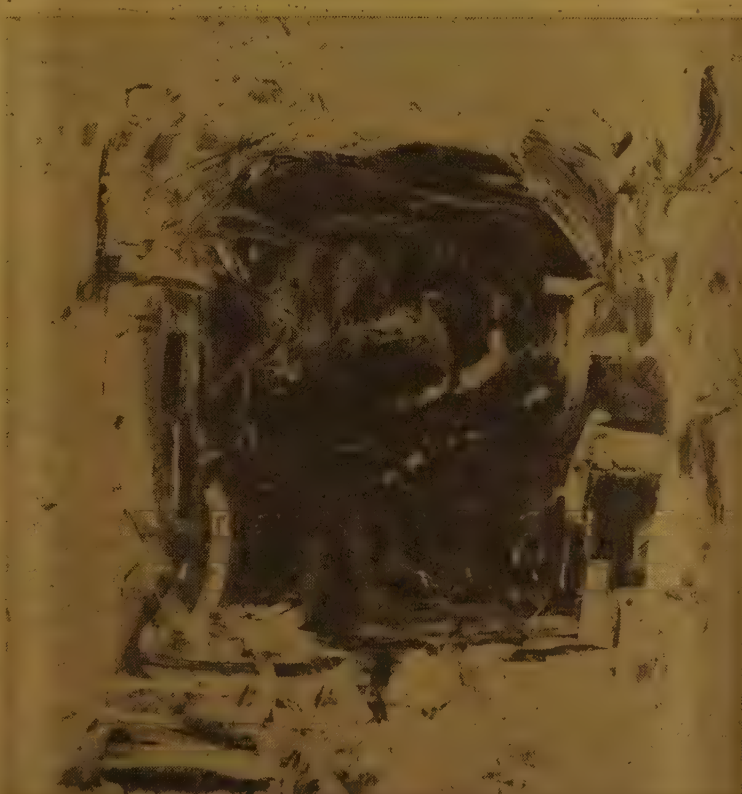
AMERICAN abstract painters, many Europeans think, produce their paintings spontaneously, all splashing paint and athletic performance, in partnership with chance. It is as if a race of lucky, gifted gamblers had appeared. This myth converts the American painter into a type of noble savage, freer than Europeans from preconceptions and habits about art. It is encouraged, I think, by the fact that America became in the eighteenth century the continent of Rousseau's Natural Man. The simplicity, strength, and directness denied to spoiled and over-civilized Europeans was projected on to the New World where such qualities have lingered despite the American acquisition of a past and the urbanization of life. It seems strange to me now, after visiting the United States, that this myth of the creative act overlay the real works of art as much as it did. The American critic Harold Rosenberg is partly responsible: some years ago he made an analogy between the situation in art and the War of Independence. He called New York painters coon-skinned trappers, individualistic and pragmatic fighters against George III's redcoats, ceremoniously trapped in military precedent (that's us).



'Asheville, 1949', by Willem de Kooning
Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.

The term Action Painting, often used to describe the New York school, has created confusion in Europe. When I taxed Rosenberg, who coined the term, about this he said that he hoped that it had been 'fruitful confusion'. The trouble is that 'action' in Europe involves unrelated ideas, such as the action of the western movie, of the private detective, of the juvenile delinquent. In fact, after seeing New York art thickly on the spot, in studios as well as galleries, you become aware of the order that Action Painting embodies. Although 'action' was a good word to stress the importance of the creative action of the artist, it has been mistaken as a full description of the art instead of recognized for what it is, a polemical, melodramatic label. What I needed to discover was that action was not the end result but a process in the discovery of aesthetic order.

The heroic period in New York was the second half of the nineteen-forties and the early fifties. During that time there was an amazing breakthrough into new aesthetic territory, such as Europe had experienced with cubism, expressionism, and early abstract art before the first world war, but not since then. Robert Motherwell, one of the painters involved, wrote of the New York School in 1951: 'Fidelity to what occurs between oneself and the canvas, no matter how unexpected, becomes central'. The painters stripped art down to nothing and started again, so that every gesture they made was affirmative and momentous. There are various ways to do this: Jackson Pollock did it by spilling enamel in loops and arcs on the canvas, leaving each mark high and clear; Mark Rothko by swabbing liquid paint with a cloth so that the canvas appeared to be dyed rather than painted on; Clifford Still by creating huge, minimal forms with the palette knife in a few colours, often tonally close together. Recently, Adolph Gottlieb has contributed to this radical approach in tall, bare canvases in which two large separated forms complement each other.



'House in Pomfret Center' (1957), by Michael Goldberg
Collection of W. P. Chrysler, Jnr.

This conspicuous play with paint as a physical substance has been seen in Europe but not the control tasks which the artists invented to keep pace with the technical innovations. Pollock's skeins of paint, for example, rarely spill over the edge of the canvas. His widow, Lee Krasner, described to me how Pollock kept uncompleted paintings in his studio while he worried and puzzled about the resolution of one part or another. The greater the visible gesture with materials, the greater the need to control it. It is in this extension of aesthetic control that

the greatness of the New York artists rests, not in their initiating gestures.

The work of Pollock, Rothko, Still, and of Barnett Newman, all of whom will be seen in London in the next six months, is radical in its simplifications of the means of art. I would describe as radical paintings that make a difference to our ideas about art. The American contribution to radical art in this sense is particularly to be seen in the big picture. As is generally known, many of the key works of the period are large. Such works are intended to be seen not from a distance, like an altar-piece or a fresco, but from fairly close up. You can see this from the studios in which the paintings are produced. Pollock's way of working on his pictures spread out on the floor was a way of keeping close to the surface. In Still's studio, for example, surrounded on three sides by wall-covering pictures, with their sharp, wandering-edged forms, I felt I was in a crevasse. I could not step back for a view that would reduce the whole picture to a simple pattern, and neither can the artist while he is working. In Rothko's present studio you stand surrounded by big canvases. When I was there his new paintings were in the sombre earth colours that have replaced his earlier luminous reds and yellows. And such was their presence that, although I preserved freedom to move round, I felt buried alive.

It has been an ideal of modern art, European as well as American, to destroy the rectangle of the picture plane and give the spectator a direct experience of space. The big picture at last achieves this by immersing the spectator, making him aware of the surface rather than of the edges of the work. Intimacy and involvement are achieved by size, as in the large-screen movie techniques, such as CinemaScope. This feeling has been hard to experience in England because not enough large works by the artists have been seen here. The Rothko room in the American Pavilion at the Venice Biennale, however, was clearly hung in accordance with this principle. Large pictures of one period were hung together, not spaced out wide or sent climbing up the walls but in a continuous row, like telephone kiosks or the huge columns of a temple. One possible misunderstanding of this way of looking at pictures is to believe that it is enough to enjoy a big picture in bits, in details. In fact, this is not the case and you need an awareness of the whole, stretching across the field of vision and not broken down into picturesque details.


'Pink, Blue and Black' (1957), by Adolph Gottlieb

Because American painting is still new, because there has been a shortage of reliable information, because only lately have enough exhibitions come to Europe, the European critics, whose job it is to publicize what's happening in art, have had a bad time coping with American art. Their safest course has been to mount the few facts known to them in a framework of myth. I have already mentioned a bad case of myth; let me tell you about one uninformed guess. Mr. Quentin Bell has recorded in THE LISTENER his belief that all New York painters tend to look alike. From this he went on to take a term from American sociology and suggest that they were all 'other directed'. That is to say that the painters are motivated by a desire for conformity and adjustment. After my visit to the United States this summer I must say I find the story Mr. Bell has put together strictly armchair stuff.

Obviously, he cannot mean that Pollock and Still are indistinguishable. He must be referring to the younger painters, mostly in their thirties, and their relation to de Kooning. In terms of influence de Kooning is the big man in New York, not Pollock or Still or Rothko. De Kooning is the man who meets bits of himself in exhibitions he has not painted, in studios where he never worked. His alternation between abstractions and paintings of women, his belief that it is as corny to be modern on principle as it is to be traditional by rule, has been a constant stimulus to the younger artists. It is interesting that he should be so influential because he is a much less radical artist, in the sense I have mentioned, than the other giants of the New York school. De Kooning is a Dutchman who did not get to the United States until he was twenty-two, and he is a complex and divided painter. His art is packed with ambiguities derived from his way of switching between fragments of an old-master inheritance and forms newly invented by the gesture of the artist. He is like a Francis Bacon with all the dandyism pulled out.

What is true, and it strikes a visitor to New York at once, is that the younger American artists see a good deal of each other. Many of the artists go to the same places in the summer, Provincetown, Mass., or East Hampton and Springs, Long Island. And in New York they meet all the time at the Cedar Bar, the Five Spot, the Artist's Club on 8th Street. At a meeting of the Club I went to on my first night in New York, I saw Philip Guston, Milton Resnik, Raymond Parker, Paul Jenkins, Michael Goldberg, Joan Mitchell, Norman Bluhm, Elaine de Kooning, and there were probably others I could not then recognize. I throw this list of names at you to make the point that the artists in New York really mix, in a more general and accessible way than I have ever seen happen in England.

The fact that New York has a far higher standard of painting among the younger artists than I have seen in London, or in Italy, or in Paris, seems linked to the close company they keep. To describe this as conformity is to miss the fact that it is an exacting and critical relationship of professionals. Artists like Joan Mitchell, Al Leslie, Michael Goldberg, Milton Resnik, have all been triggered by de Kooning's example but nobody can mistake their paintings for each other's, unless he wants to. Mitchell has developed a rhythmic, espalier-like form from de Kooning's lunging brush strokes, Goldberg has developed from the sectional, chopped-up forms of de Kooning to a large centralized format—and so it goes. Thanks to the crowded art world, where everybody is a knowing witness, there is no faking of intensity, no ready-made standard of finish, no marking time between good works; or, if there is, it is immediately identified as such. Compare this with the situation in London where the artists settle into small colonies and pat each other on the back. In New York a majority of the modern artists watch each other's exhibitions and discuss them seriously and promptly; in London artists, unless they are already buddies of the exhibiting artist, slip in after the opening and say nothing. As a result artists get away with mediocre, low temperature works for years in London because not enough people notice or care.

The difference between the heroic period and the present has been called a decline, but this seems to me to be calling the grave diggers in too early. The fact that Pollock had problems in the last years of his life has been used to suggest that his art—and that of New York school—is a cul-de-sac. In fact, there is a continuation of the work of the giants, Still and Rothko, Kline and de Kooning. And the younger artists, as I have tried to show, have created a social and aesthetic atmosphere which is likely to sustain American leadership in modern art.—*Third Programme*

The Two Sisters

By LEONARD CLARK

ONE of them, Rachel, was above medium height and stately. The other, Minnie, was shorter and quicker in her movements. Rachel was the more timorous; Minnie the more garrulous. They were the unmarried daughters of a small shopkeeper, James Boud, in my home town. I have no memories of him at all for he died in the early years of the century. I believe that, originally, he had hailed from Scotland but how he came to drift south is unknown to me. The first time I saw his name was over his shop; the second, on his tombstone. My mother told me he was an upright, bearded man, inoffensive, of steady character and fine principles. Of his four children, one, a fair-haired, bubbling girl, married a Canadian and went to live near Toronto. Another, the only son, went to live in South Wales; I met him on two or three occasions. He was not bearded but, as far as I could understand the meaning of such things, he also was an upright man, inoffensive, of steady character and fine principles. The Canadian daughter had a son a little older than me. I saw him once when he came to stay with his aunts, and laughed at his funny accent. I always used to think of him on snowy winter nights when I was reading the stories of Ballantyne.

Royal Edwardian

I grew up with Rachel and Minnie as part of my childhood's background. They kept on the shop when their father died, and sold chocolates and cigarettes. I cannot recall ever seeing them together outside that shop, except on Sundays in church. Apparently, one of them always had to stay behind to look after it. At one time Rachel was my Sunday-school teacher, and for nearly two miserable years she tried to teach me music. She could have passed anywhere for Queen Alexandra, except, perhaps, in Buckingham Palace. I often see her counterpart in those intriguing Edwardian photographs of royal groups. Rachel had the same piled-up hair, the same high-necked, well-fitting voile dress, the commanding carriage, and the toes of the black shoes peeping out from the long dress. Rachel's personality was as charming as the remembrance of an old-fashioned perfume. There was jet in her ears and a mourning ring on the second finger of her left hand. She always had a black-velvet band round her neck. She glided rather than walked, almost like a doll, as she went off to church with white-covered prayer book dangling from a strap round her wrist and a parasol held high. Her cheeks looked as if they had been just rouged though their colour was natural. The lips were strong and tightly set; the pale blue eyes had a far-away look.

To the end of her days Rachel kept the lines of her features, and though her hair whitened, she kept her age a close secret and was touchy about it. She spoke softly as a rule, with little trace of the local accent, but when the occasion demanded she could chatter like an excited blackbird, and her voice would tinkle with laughter like a series of tiny waterfalls. Once, to my childish astonishment, I saw her throw back her head and laugh out loud. Fascinated, I watched, from behind my mother's skirt, the risings and fallings of the whalebones in her stays.

Minnie, on the other hand, was almost nondescript. I remember her as a voice. She would begin speaking to you in the bass clef, slowly and deliberately, and not unlike a moorland sheep, but as she got worked up the pitch of her voice began to rise. Words started to tumble out of her like the unassembled pieces of a jig-saw puzzle out of a box. The phrases and sentences became more jumbled and more rapid until, after a series of gasps and stutters, the monologue would end on a high and rather mad falsetto.

It was alarming to listen to her and to the click-clack of her badly fitting false teeth. It was equally alarming to watch her talking because of the speed at which her lips moved. Once Minnie had started, any attempt at conversation was hopeless. You were never given a chance to break in, and all the while her two eyes glinted like two shiny black buttons, as they moved from side to side and up and down, in time with her words. Occasionally she would flick away a grey hair which had dared to invade the space between her eyes and the thick lenses of her pince-nez, as if to tell it it had no right to interrupt. It was a little disconcerting too, when, in the middle of all this welter, Minnie would suddenly disappear from the spot where she was leaning over the counter and be lost to view behind some monster, empty display packets of cigarettes. Here she would rummage about, unseen, but the torrent of disconnected speech would continue until either Rachel appeared or another customer came in.

Both sisters loved gossiping. It was their chief amusement. It was never spiteful gossip, but all very innocent and respectable. But Minnie, especially, used to give a kind of fantastic exaggeration to some of the details in the item of news which was being passed on to you. For instance, if she began, in an undertone, to tell you about a friend of hers who had had a tooth out at Gore Boodle's, and next week was going to be married to her third cousin, she would make a great point of emphasizing what to you seemed entirely unimportant. It would go something like this: 'Fancy a girl like that, at her age, having to have a tooth out. Young people ought to look after their teeth. Not that Gore Boodle is any good. You'll never catch me going to him again. I know he is a good dentist, but they always hurt you. Now what was I saying? Just fancy, she's going to marry her cousin with only half her teeth in her head. But teeth are always a bother to you'—and so on and so on

Their shop was in the Market Street, with its large plate-glass window facing that part of the town known as the Triangle, a multiple grocer's on one side and a wallpaper shop on the other. It always seemed to be in need of a coat of paint, and the window, with its permanent white-glass advertisements of two famous chocolate firms, could hardly be described as overdressed. It had a few bowls of sweets and the usual dummy packets of cigarettes. It was considered to be a high-class shop, so I did not patronize it until, as a young man, I used to stroll in casually for a packet of scented cachous, or gold-tipped Russian and Turkish cigarettes. The Bouds' shop was not the place for liquorice root, tiger nuts, or sherbet dabs. The shop door was on the left of the plate-glass window, and as you opened it and went through there was a halt of some seconds before a bell jangled far away in the depths of the basement. Then, if there was no one waiting inside to serve you, you heard one or other, or both, of the sisters laboriously clambering up the stairs and usually arriving before the bell had finished its last peal. If you only bought as little as a penny bar of chocolate it resolved itself into a ceremony of courtesy. It was never a straightforward affair. Minnie, who did most of the serving, either had not got what you wanted, or had no change, or could not find a paper bag; but whatever else was missing she always had a smile of welcome for you and the latest titbit of gossip.

Below-stairs

When I used to come for my music lesson I would walk through the shop, duck under the counter flap by the glass display cabinet, and find myself at the head of the steep stairs. I always associate those stairs with the smell of cooking. Did they always live on shepherd's pie, I wondered? I went down the stairs only once in my life, when mother and I had been invited to take tea with the sisters. When we got to the bottom there was no one to greet us. Rachel was in the scullery and Minnie was buffling about in the pantry, talking to herself and punctuating her mumblings from time to time with an irritated 'Oh, drat the thing', or 'Rachel, where's the butter?' Then she emerged, hot and bothered, glasses half down her nose, and a smile slowly

(*continued on page 653*)

NEWS DIARY

October 15–21

Wednesday, October 15

General Salan, French Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, forbids the holding of a general strike in protest against General de Gaulle's order that the French Army must withdraw from politics

Tunisia decides to break off diplomatic relations with the United Arab Republic

A coalition government of Christians and Muslims, led by Mr. Rashid Karami, is formed in Lebanon

Thursday, October 16

Maintenance engineers at London Airport vote unanimously to continue their strike. Representatives of both sides have talks at Ministry of Labour

New security measures are announced in Cyprus after further outbreaks of violence

Friday, October 17

A Soviet TU.104 jet airliner crashes in Russia with loss of all on board

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visit Leeds for city's Centenary Musical Festival

Saturday, October 18

It is announced that the United Nations is to help in the arrangements to fly British troops out of Jordan next week

A court of inquiry, with Professor D. T. Jack as chairman, is to be set up to investigate the unofficial strike at London Airport

Sunday, October 19

Mr. Dulles, on his way to Formosa, has talks with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at an Oxfordshire air base

Mr. Macmillan tells Cotton Board conference in Harrogate of urgent need for agreement with Hong Kong on controlling imports into Britain

Brussels World Fair closes

Monday, October 20

Chinese Communists renew shelling of Quemoy

Twenty members of crew of the tanker 'Stanvac Japan', registered in London, killed in an explosion in the Arabian Sea

Tuesday, October 21

Unofficial strike of B.O.A.C. maintenance engineers at London Airport ends

American Secretary of State begins talks with General Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa

City of London entertains President of Federal German Republic to luncheon at the Guildhall

First women peers introduced to House of Lords

The scene inside the church of St. Clement Danes, London, during the service of reconsecration last Sunday which was attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Completely destroyed during the war, it has been restored as the church of the Royal Air Force

Sir Thomas Beecham looking at a bronze bust of himself by Mr. David Wynne after its unveiling at the Royal Festival Hall, London, on October 15. Sir Thomas, who has just returned to this country after an eighteen-month tour abroad, later conducted the opening concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society's new season

A mass meeting of
Airport on October
strike began on Octo
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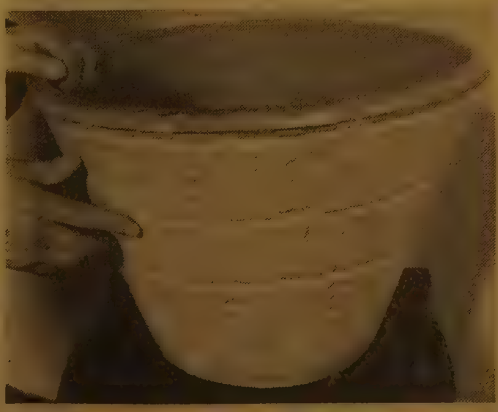
A photograph taken in a villag
in an armoured car (foregroun
series of ambu

Overseas Airways maintenance engineers at London
they voted to continue their unofficial strike. The
over five men threatened with dismissal for refusing
me and was called off on October 21

President Theodor Heuss of the German Federal Republic, driving to Buckingham Palace with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on October 20 after his arrival at Victoria on a State visit

A three-horned chameleon from Nyasaland which has just been acquired by the London Zoo

Nicosia in Cyprus last week as an informer hidden
ed out suspects from a group of local men after a
d taken place in the neighbourhood



A cast of an Egyptian water-'clock' (*c.* 1400 B.C.) in the exhibition of antique and modern clocks at the Goldsmiths' Hall, London

Mr. Henry Moore standing in front of his new sculpture 'Reclining Female Figure' after it had been set up last week outside the Unesco building in Paris. It is one of the eleven works of art commissioned by Unesco for their new headquarters. The figure is Mr. Moore's largest work, and is carved in white Traverune marble

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broadening on her face. It was on this occasion that I was shocked to see Rachel wearing a common white pinafore.

The music-room was really the upstairs back parlour. There was an old rosewood piano in it, tight up against one wall. On every little table and on the mantelpiece was a wild assortment of Victorian bric-à-brac. The sofa had a red anti-macassar, the little black fireplace some brass fire-irons and a screen decorated in the latest pen-painting fashion with some grotesque flamingoes. 'Japanese', Minnie said when pointing them out to you. Round the walls were all Rachel's diplomas for piano playing. There was also one among them which proved that Minnie, too, had the gift, though at a rather elementary level. Most imposing of all was a photograph of Rachel in academic cap and gown, with her rolled diploma under one arm.

I would have given anything not to have been sitting on that red-plush, revolving piano stool for my lessons. Rachel was a terror. She always seemed to forget that I had to practise at home on a harmonium, or that cricket was my most important occupation during the summer months. She was never satisfied with my scales, and unnecessarily critical, I thought, of my renderings of the pathetic little tunes in my tutor. As for my piece, how often did she inform me that if all the carnivals of Venice were like my playing, then it wouldn't be worth going to see them, would it, amongst all those gay Italians? There was one study I used to hack at, written by some unknown German, which I could never get to stay in position on the music rest. I suspect that it was because it had been folded in four and carried in my trouser pocket to the torture chamber. Poor dear Rachel how long-suffering she was and how well she earned her pound a quarter. When her patience finally broke down she used to rap me on the kuckles with her pencil and then flush guiltily, and apologize. And when the half hour was, at last, over, she would play to me and get me to sing one of my school songs for her. Then she would send me away with a liquorice comfit which she had pilfered from the shop behind Minnie's back.

The sisters were devoted to each other. They worked hard but they were never rich. They were respected by everyone because they were distinctive characters, and always referred to as if they were Siamese twins, the Misses Boud. They changed little as the years went by. Relatives came to stay with them, but I do not think they ever had a holiday, though, when an enterprising char-à-banc proprietor advertised 'mystery trips', Minnie was often to be found indulging in one.

Then, for some reason known only to themselves, the sisters decided to keep a parrot. Polly, who was of the other sex, soon became the talk of the town. He ate all their best chocolates and completely dominated them. He was a handsome, evil-looking bird, which, after some secret preliminary training in the basement, was promoted aloft to take charge of the shop. For some months he uttered no word, but just looked at you. He fixed you with a censorious eye and you soon learned not to feed him. Then, one day when I called, Polly startled me by screaming out at the top of his voice 'Shop!', following it with 'Rachel. Minnie'. Sounds came from below. 'All right Polly, we're coming'. But the ungrateful bird did not stop at this. It began to give very faithful imitations of Minnie's mode of speech and then, worst of all, to retell some of the gossip it had heard, to all and sundry. The result was that Polly had to be demoted, and disappeared, in disgrace, downstairs.

Rachel and Minnie remained individuals to the end, and Rachel never lost her dignity, nor Minnie her interest in people. I do not think of them as dead. I admired them so much that I can still enjoy the memory of their natural simplicity, and often laugh to myself when I think of the disgraceful behaviour of the only male they ever admitted to their private lives.

—Home Service

The New Majority—the Salaried Middle Class

(continued from page 632)

middle class becomes the biggest group, and the one that is growing the most rapidly? Certainly, these salaried, middle-class people will not go without these consumer goods, without houses or without appliances. But our manufacturers are finding out that it is the industrial worker who is more likely to buy a second television set or to trade in an old but still serviceable washing machine for a new one. The status symbols of the salaried middle class are much more likely to be different. For instance, more education both for themselves and for their children. Travel is another high priority of this group. Also, its members—for whatever reason—use the telephone much more, especially for toll calls.

Already there are signs of such a shift. The real 'growth' industry in the United States in the last ten years was, for instance, not television, though it was certainly the most visible one. It was probably the publishing of paper-back books; and there has been a great shift in their public and their market and their content: history, foreign affairs, art, and religion are rapidly becoming paper-back staples. In other words, a paper-back is becoming one of the chief consumer goods of the new middle classes. Schools, travel, paper-backs, or telephone service, require other things. A shift in economic preferences would not necessarily lessen the demands for material production. But in requiring different things, the shift in the structure of our working population raises real questions regarding the direction of American economic growth.

It is not only the American economy which is being transformed; the emergence of the salaried middle class is also affecting our social life—our politics, culture, values, our society as a whole. The new salaried middle class is already the leading group in our society. Take, for instance, the pleasant suburb outside New York City where I live. It looks much the way Harrow-on-the-Hill used to look when I lived there some thirty years ago. The people who were the 'big men' in the town then, the people who headed the community activities—the hospital board, the vestries of the churches, or the school board, the golf club committee, and the Boy Scouts, and all the thousand-and-one activities for civic and personal improvement which are the real living body of American social life—these people, only thirty years ago, were either respected professional men such as a leading lawyer or owners of businesses. Today, almost all these activities are headed by managerial or professional employees, the chief engineer of this company, the sales manager of another, or the personnel director of a third.

In politics these people are much less likely to form permanent party affiliations than either the industrial worker or the business owner. They tend to be independent in their vote, or, to the pained surprise of the politician, they 'split' their vote; that is, they vote one way for a president and another way in electing congressmen or local officers. But they also tend increasingly to be impatient with traditional party organization, traditional party slogans, traditional issues.

Both our chief parties, the Republicans and the Democrats, are trying desperately to restore and to maintain their traditional alliances and allegiances, the allegiances of Theodore Roosevelt's or of Franklin Roosevelt's times respectively. Both attempts seem doomed to failure. But the new alignments, which will draw the new salaried middle classes into active politics, are still obscure, the new issues still hidden.

The greatest question, however, may be what the shift in structure of our working population means for our society. There have been many studies of the new salaried middle class of professional, technical, and managerial employees—in England as much as in our country. But we still know little about them. We know even less about a society in which this group predominates and in which it leads. They are 'professional people', at least in their own eyes; but they are employed. They are subordinates, as a rule; but they consider themselves part of 'management'. They are managers or hope to become managers; but they are not 'capitalists' any more than they are 'proletarians'.

The last great theory of society in the Western world was that of Karl Marx: it is now a century old. It was based on the vision—then extremely bold—of the emergence of the industrial worker or the machine operator, as the dynamic, growing class in society. For seventy-five years the machine operators were indeed the most rapidly growing group. Though they never became the majority in any industrial country, they became in every one of these countries the largest single group. This made marxism such a powerful creed and philosophy despite its many obvious weaknesses. Today—and not only in the United States—an entirely new class is growing and is rapidly becoming the largest single group: the professional, technical, and managerial employees who are neither 'capitalists' nor 'proletarians', neither 'exploiter' nor 'exploited'. But as yet we have no social theory, no social philosophy, not even adequate facts and knowledge, about the new middle-class society and the new pace-setters within it.

—Third Programme

[Next week Mr. Drucker discusses the New Majority and the educational break-through]

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

A Modern Literary Heresy

Sir,—The first axiom, which Mr. George Watson (THE LISTENER, October 16) quotes, states that the intention of a poem does not constitute a standard for it. 'But', says Mr. Watson, 'it is the known intention of the poet that governs our understanding of what the poem is'. Thus, *Samson Agonistes* is intended to be a drama in the style of Aeschylus, and should be read as such. Does it follow that, should Aeschylus be some day forgotten, *Samson* will no longer be discernibly a great poem? It would take much space to demonstrate that this need not be true, but it is surely evident that such a demonstration is possible.

In dismissal of Axiom 2, by which the failure of a poem can only be diagnosed from the poem itself, Mr. Watson argues that 'by definition' we can only go outside the poem for what is 'missing' in it. This is true if we are thinking of a document from which a leaf has been removed. But if a creative achievement is defective, then what is 'missing' is 'by definition' non-existent. If a poet tells us what sort of thing he meant to write, this is interesting biographically but not poetically.

Axiom 3 says that 'It is only because an artefact works that we infer the intention of the artificer'. But Mr. Watson protests that when he has a clock that fails to work he infers its maker's intention by comparing it with clocks that do. But one poem does not resemble another poem in the sense that one clock resembles another clock. Poems, however much they owe to other poems, are unique in a sense that clocks are not. If Mr. Watson had a clock that was unique in the sense that a poem is, then how could the existence of other clocks help him, should his fail to work?

Axiom 4 says that even a lyric is dramatic in the sense that the intention of the poet is only revealed through the persona, or personae, in the poem. But Mr. Watson says that it is impossible to disengage an idea from its originator. But the axiom does not mention 'ideas'. One conceives that an emotion arises; if the emotion could be formulated as an idea, no doubt the poet would write something, but it would not be a poem, since poems are not efficient means for the expression of ideas. One difference is that an idea is not altered by being expressed in words; indeed it is difficult to conceive an idea except in the words which embody it. An emotion, on the other hand, is never verbal, is only the starting point of a verbal formulation, and undergoes transmutation into a poem.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge CHRISTOPHER GILLIE

Space and Greek Architecture

Sir,—It is good to see modern architects taking an interest in classical Greek design. But is Mr. Peter Smithson's zeal really according to knowledge?

If I understand him (THE LISTENER, October 16), he respects Martienssen for his careful geometrical analyses of Greek building groups, carried out under the influence of Le Corbusier. But Martienssen, he thinks, was really as mistaken as the neo-classic architects of Munich. For the Athenian Agora and Professor A. W. Lawrence's Pelican both show that Greek architectural grouping was quite haphazard.

Now Martienssen may follow Corbusier in many things. But in one he breaks away. He actually shows himself capable of quiet and sustained argument. Mr. Smithson nowhere takes up that part of Martienssen which seems to me the best, his analysis of the Hellenistic 'new town', Priene. How well Martienssen praises its classical hierarchy of building, and the geometry by which this is so carefully preserved! Strangely, Mr. Smithson finds him most convincing on the precinct of Sunium. Why? Evidence seems hard to find on the ground and even in Blouet for Martienssen's elaborate staircases and terraces. Finally, the Athenian Agora, as early as 400 B.C., was surely better organized than Mr. Smithson admits. Its north, south, and west sides had by then some architectural shape.

I find Mr. Smithson very hard to follow. Of the Koenigsplatz at Munich, for instance, he writes that 'it is clearly Greek in idea, although the idea has undergone a transformation. The composition is strictly symmetrical. There is a large gate that leads nowhere', etc. And he sees, as a result, a 'German idea of Greek space'. Apart from its tendentiousness (for were not the Propylaea the grand entrance to Munich on the royal road from Nympherburg to the Palace?), this passage nowhere shows which features of the plan are German, which Greek.

At present Mr. Smithson does not analyse very patiently or very deeply; while A. W. Lawrence, who has reached similarly negative results, will hardly instruct him in the art. According to Mr. Smithson's elegant expression, Lawrence's book will soon 'hit' the architectural world. In earlier days one could have predicted that it would not, unless it were wise and learned. But, alas, in our time so many 'things' have hit the Mistress Art that one has no notion who or what will next overturn her, or tear her robes to ribbons.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge HUGH PLOMMER

The Architecture of Towns

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. G. Fraser, has read more into my comments on raised footways than I expressed in my talk (published in THE LISTENER of October 9).

I did not suggest that new towns like Stevenage, which have satisfactory horizontal separation of vehicles from pedestrians in the shopping centre, should go in for elevated pavements. The acute problem is in big established centres where vehicles—whether moving, parked, unloading or being serviced—have already taken charge of the present ground level, and where at the same time and in the same place the pedestrians are thronging more thickly than ever. If the road is lifted on a viaduct and the pedestrians left below, something like slum conditions would quickly grow up. The only logical alternative is to lift the pedestrians.

I was careful to say that this was not always necessary, and in fact seldom possible on a scale that would make the raised level continuous and interesting, and not just a shelf on the top of a flight of steps. But where the opportunity exists, surely the experiment is worth trying. Indeed, it is vital for the life of cities. The double level in the Upper Precinct at Coventry is less successful than it might be because: (1) it is not very extensive; (2) there are no moving stairs or light gradients to take walkers almost imperceptibly on to the upper level, so they mostly remain on the lower one; (3) the shops are divided vertically, so that each shop has an entrance at both levels; and (4) like most pioneer efforts, it needs time for its acceptance.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1 WILLIAM HOLFORD

Austria since the Occupation

Sir,—May I assure your reader Mr. J. H. Tauber that, in my talk on Austria which was published in THE LISTENER of October 2, I had no wish to minimize the familiar achievements of Austrian pre-war socialism in the field of social welfare. But he has mistaken my point. In making the contrast between a right wing which hankered after an Empire that had gone, and a left wing which worked for a millennium which never came, I wished simply to drive home the argument that, in pre-war Austria, the politics of both sides got their main impetus from supranational rather than domestic factors. The very names which the famous Vienna workers' settlements carry show that the Austro-Marxists were building for socialism first and for Austria second. Admirable though this may have been, it helped to rob their country of a state patriotism which was sorely needed. It has indeed been Austria's fate to be international too soon and national too late.

The other very relevant points which Mr. Tauber raises could not be dealt with in a brief general talk, though he will find a good deal about them in a recent book of mine, *The Austrian Odyssey*. But I think he tends to exaggerate the appeal of neo-nazism in the Austria of today, even to the politically homeless minority which lives between the major blocks of the present Coalition. Always provided that Austria can preserve a fair measure of prosperity, the extreme pan-German group among Austria's independent voters will find it hard to swamp the rest, and the total strength of this very mixed and self-contradictory middle camp is unlikely to get beyond that 7-12 per cent. which has traditionally characterized the voting pattern of the Austrian Republic. Neo-nazism is, in fact, another case where the dominant influences lie outside Austria. Germany will always be the magnet and Austria the iron filings. There are no signs yet that the iron filings are getting more numerous or that the magnet is exerting any direct or deliberate pull.

Yours, etc.,

Vienna, 8 GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THE new Courtauld Institute Galleries, over the Courtauld-Warburg building in Woburn Square, are now open and form a splendid addition to the amenities of London. They contain not only the great Courtauld collection of French paintings but three other collections as well. A life interest in Lord Lee of Fareham's collection of old masters was left to Lady Lee, but, as soon as these galleries were ready to hold the collection, she handed it over to the University of London, to which it was ultimately left. The collection is rich and varied, with some works of great importance, such as the variant of Giovanni Bellini's composition, 'The Death of St. Peter Martyr', in the National Gallery, and Veronese's small 'Baptism of Christ'.

As a collector Lord Lee was remarkable in that he attached little importance to names at a time when many rich men thought they were everything and so were apt to buy little else; as a result he bought primitives and other pictures about whose attribution critics have disagreed, which is always a good sign, and also a number of works whose names have remained attached to them, such as the Botticelli altarpiece (though it is true that this is partly the work of assistants) and the small and early Correggio.

There is even a Giorgione, or at any rate a very possible one: the canvas of the 'Moses and the Burning Bush' is so much rubbed that it is difficult to be sure, but even so it does seem to possess that mysterious originality of vision which we expect from Giorgione. Two sumptuous Florentine *cassoni* are unique objects for they are the only two in existence that still have their *spalliere*—painted backs which are mounted above the lids.

The new gallery also houses Roger Fry's collection of paintings. The most important of these is the beautiful Seurat of a poppy-field but there are also works by Bonnard, Rouault, and Derain, as well as excellent works by Sickert, Duncan Grant, and other English artists. Fry did not have a great deal of money to spend on pictures but he obtained good bargains by disregarding the taste of the time and avoiding the more obviously attractive works of the artists he admired. Yet another room in the gallery contains a selection of some eighty drawings from the Witt collection.

Bernard Lorjou is a tough and hardy artist—we are told that as a child he started a strike among choir-boys—and he has successfully resisted most of the fashions in modern art. At times he has had some affinity with the younger realists, but here he is, at Wildenstein's, painting many pictures of flowers, which are not much in their line. Everything he does is strong; his paint is usually piled on thick and his colours extremely vivid; he struggles with his medium as if it were some obdurate material, to produce in the end a large and clear image of arresting intensity. Two paintings of harlequins are in a rather different style, more thinly painted and with less apparent effort, but as a statement equally unequivocal and direct.

'Portrait study of Louis XIII', by Rubens: from the exhibition of new acquisitions at Agnew's

The contemporary German graphic art and sculpture at the R.B.A. Galleries, the work of artists from the German Democratic Republic mostly living in Berlin, Dresden, or Leipzig, seem to take one back a long way, even to the anti-fascism of the nineteen-thirties. The themes may be new, Buchenwald, the Rosenbergs, Japanese fishermen suffering from American radio-activity, or 'Atomic War?—No!', but the highly orthodox expressionism, the heavy resolution, the faces that seem designed to have the closest possible resemblance to a clenched fist, make up a serviceable formula which these politically involved artists have evidently seen no reason to vary with the passage of time. At the same galleries the New English Art Club is holding its annual exhibition which, it must be admitted, has now become a rather sad survival from the great days of English impressionism. The general effect is of a summer exhibition at the Royal Academy which has been purged of its portraits and some other familiar excesses.

Alekander Zyw, a Polish artist who now lives in Edinburgh, shows paintings at the Hanover Gallery which might well be used to give a precise meaning to the label 'abstract impressionism'; the forms make no reference to nature but the colours are obviously those of a particular landscape at a particular season. His swirling designs often have a flower-like elegance, and his use of colour has some originality as well as charm. At the same gallery there is an interesting collection of drawings which include impressive examples of the work of Picasso, Matisse, and Braque. Donald Hamilton Fraser's recent paintings at the Gimpel Fils Gallery, mostly of still life, have some resemblance to de Stael's latest manner; his placing of simplified forms is neat and the effect is reinforced by the clear and luminous though sometimes rather obvious colour.

An exhibition of paintings by Bernard Meninsky at the Adams Gallery recalls the mood of high seriousness which came to British painting after the first post-Impressionist exhibitions in London. Meninsky found in artists like Picasso, Derain, and Jean Marchand just what Fry found in them, an insistence on the structure of forms which somehow reminded him of the great Florentines and was taken as a healthy revulsion from the vagueness of the Impressionists. Meninsky was not an artist of outstanding talent but this exhibition certainly illustrates the balanced and sensible way in which he reacted to these new and disturbing influences; he kept his head and he also kept, as some others did not, his modest sensibility.

At Tooth's Galleries the *collages* of Harold Town and the abstract paintings of Paul-Emile Borduas, two Canadian artists, both make much the same impression as the products of *haute couture*, and that after all is something; Borduas is the older and more serious artist of the two.

Recent acquisitions of old masters at Agnew's make a most interesting exhibition. There is an extremely brilliant portrait study of Louis XIII by Rubens, a tiny but exquisite Pietà by Simone Martini, an unusually intimate double portrait by Reynolds, a charming early Gainsborough, one of the few good pictures from the Hutchinson collection, about the prettiest of Thomas Hudson's portraits, and two excellent Salvator Rosas.

The print room in the British Museum has put on a large exhibition of Hiroshige's woodcuts and drawings. Hiroshige was about the last Japanese artist to work in the popular and traditional style but his were also the first Japanese prints to be admired by the Impressionists.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Kitchener: Portrait of an Imperialist. By Philip Magnus. Murray. 30s.

When a biographer is handed a mass of family papers and then finds, perhaps unexpectedly, that he is out of sympathy with his subject, his position is embarrassing. All through this life of Kitchener one is given the impression that this is what has occurred here. The book is full of criticisms, pin-pricks, and not very agreeable adverse hints, but no hostile onslaught appears in it. The statues of Kruger and others which Kitchener brought home from South Africa, for example, are described as 'loot'—they were in a sense, but a friendly biographer would have been content with 'trophies'. When Kitchener is made a Knight of St. Patrick, we are reminded of his boyhood in Ireland 'as a member of an alien, Protestant ruling caste'. His father was an English half-pay officer who had gone to Ireland to live cheaply.

This is not to deny the writer's enthusiasm for the power and drive of Kitchener's character and intellect, which were in fact magnificent. Sir Philip Magnus rates highly his social and economic achievement in Egypt. He comes down on the side of Kitchener in the great controversy with Curzon. And if his portrait is on the whole unflattering, it is also the liveliest study yet made of an extraordinary and in some ways elusive man. He is a skilled biographer and handles his material effectively and economically.

Kitchener worked as a lone wolf and his early promotion and fame were self-made. Later on he tried to fulfil his ambition through certain statesmen—and their ladies. Mr. Magnus has the right to disapprove here. Yet a soldier little known to the War Office and whose rise had caused jealousy was not sinning gravely in following such a course. Lady Salisbury could help to make his policy clear. One of the many curious traits in Kitchener was his bad temper and irresponsibility when thwarted, followed sometimes by almost meek submission on the next occasion. In the same way, after acquiring a reputation for being brusque and rude, he could display diplomatic tact and politeness, as he did during the Fashoda incident.

His biographer excels in dealing with administration and organization, in which he is happier than when the theme is war. The struggle between the Indian Viceroy, Curzon, and his Commander-in-Chief is brilliantly recorded and analysed. The vein of arrogance in each of them made a clash inevitable when the issues were great, as they were when the viceregal authority and the reform of the Indian Army were at stake. This is a most exciting section of the book. One feels as one reads like calling out, in the words of the professional bargain-maker at Irish horse-fairs: 'Come on now! Split what's between yez!' Then one reflects that with these two it would not have worked, that nothing would have.

Kitchener as Secretary of State for War comes into all the contemporary memoirs and has already been closely examined, on the whole with an unfavourable result. Yet but for him the first world war might have been lost for want of a British Army of adequate strength. Sir Philip follows the usual view that he did a great deal of harm by forming the New Armies, but the evidence to that effect is vague and scanty. Kitchener was, as he had always thought he would be, a misfit at the War Office. Whether or not anyone could have smashed the vicious system of private armies run by the India Office and Colonial Office it is difficult to say; but they made his task even harder than it was bound to be. With all his faults, he may well have been the greatest figure of the war in this country.

Bang to Rights. By Frank Norman. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

'So there you are the people on the outside just don't realise what it is like in the nick'. Well, now we do—bang to rights. The author has been in five times, and in this book he describes his experiences after being sentenced to three years' corrective training. These, or, rather, two of them, he spent at Chelmsford and Camp Hill. He slaps it all down on the page, just as he would say it, so vividly and with such eccentric spelling that it might all seem a bit 'sus', as he would say, if Raymond Chandler, in a foreword, did not vouch for him; so we must accept him as a 'smart geezer' who can write.

So far as the formal details and discomforts are concerned, his story is familiar. There are the usual complaints about the skilly and the stink and the boredom of sewing mailbags. But this is not all by any means. He manages to convey the feeling of his prison world and his own attitude towards it, which must be very like that of many prisoners who have been told that corrective training is granted almost as a favour. 'Bird is bird', is his answer to this, 'whatever you like to call it, C.T., P.D., Borstal or Remand Home it's all bird'. And as such, a challenge: 'No one has any simpathy for anyone who can't do their bird'. Of course not. Once 'captured', you've got to keep your end up in a world with a moral code of its own which springs from the collective need of prisoners to preserve some kind of dignity in an ignominious situation. Hence their persistent demands for their rights. Hence, too, their contemptuous hatred of the 'screws' and the administration. Mr. Norman describes interviews with the Prison Governor and his deputy. The very questions they ask are idiotic and his answers give nothing away. You hear the muttered curse as you read Mr. Norman's comments with the appropriate rows of dots after the third and sixth letters of the alphabet. He did like the 'trick cyclist' because he treated him like a human being. But then psychiatrists are privileged; the rest of the prison staff are, in the eyes of the prisoners, ex-officio 'bastards'—however they behave. If 'being treated as a human being' is an avenue to reform—and this is the hypothesis which inspires a good deal of modern penology—then the resistance of the whole prison world will have to be removed before personal relations between the two sides can be established. This may well prove difficult because defiance may be required by prisoners in order to preserve their self-respect.

Mr. Norman himself, on the eve of his release, brooded in the watches of the night: 'It won't be all that long now, this is the last time I am going to do any bird, it's enough to drive you potty'. Perhaps in his case the skilly and the screws have been successful. Anyway, the prison library, of which he made good use, may have helped him to write such a good book.

John Philpot Curran: his Life and Times. By Leslie Hale. Cape. 25s.

This is the first full-dress biography of Curran for more than a hundred years. Many people know that he was a great orator, and lived in troubled times which gave him ample opportunity for exercising his talent. Mr. Hale reproduces the portrait by an unknown artist that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, and visitors to this, and that in the Dublin Gallery, must have paused before these remarkable likenesses (one of the ugliest men they can ever have seen on canvas) and speculated on his hidden fires: Byron describes him in *Don Juan*:

> Longbow wild as an Aeolian Harp
> With which the winds of heaven can claim accord.

The Currans were Protestants, and the future advocate born in 1750 was the son of the seneschal on the Aldworth estate in County Cork. Readers of Young's *Tour in Ireland* will remember the Aldworths who yearned after English culture, but played their part manfully as improving landlords. From them the young Curran must have learnt the Anglo-Irish viewpoint, but brought up in comparative poverty amongst the Munster peasantry he certainly also absorbed the poetic mentality which has always been undimmed despite the hardships of their lot. All oratory has the quality of music, and Curran himself once declared that the songs of the fields, the lamentations at wakes, and the lays of the bards, had worked upon his youthful sensibility and later influenced his art.

Curran went to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1769, that nursery of famous Irishmen, but, like Goldsmith, merely as a humble sizar, and, like Goldsmith again, he did not benefit much. Proceeding to London he read law, and began to practise in Dublin at the Irish Bar in 1775. He went on the Munster Circuit, and soon started to make money. Sir Jonah Barrington, his contemporary and colleague at the Bar, bears witness to his growing talent as an orator: 'The wise, the weak, the vulgar, the elevated, the ignorant, the learned, heard and were affected; he had language for them all. He commanded, alternately, the tear and the laugh, and at all times acquired a despotic ascendancy over the most varied auditory'.

Curran became Prior of the social and political club known as 'the Monks of the Screw', of which all the most distinguished Whigs were members, and was soon a lively force in the struggle for reform. Mr. Hale gives an excellent account of the Irish Parliament, its prominent members, and the problems of the day. There was indeed a crying need for reform in all

directions, and those unacquainted with social and political conditions in eighteenth-century Ireland will marvel at his tale. As 'a liberal on every issue of freedom' Curran was detested by Fitzgibbon, the Lord Chancellor, who was no believer in democracy. In court and in the House there were violent scenes and acrimonious speeches, insults, and even a duel. We turn with relief to the more humorous episodes, for the licence then allowed in parliamentary and judicial oratory is often so unseemly that it is almost unbelievable.

Mr. Hale describes fully Curran's more famous cases; that of the leaders of the 'United Irishmen' brought to trial in 1798 being the most interesting. He deals with his connexion with Napper Tandy, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Robert Emmet. Although his sympathies were nationalistic, he could hardly defend Emmet on account of his personal connexion with his own daughter Sarah. Curran was returned for Kibeggan (Co. Westmeath) to the Irish Parliament in 1783. He had become King's Counsel in 1782 and Master of the Rolls (appointed by the Whig ministry) in 1806.

Mr. Hale quotes some of the opinions that Curran's contemporaries had of him. He was certainly an honest and courageous champion of freedom, a parliamentary liberal much in advance of his time, and a true lover of his country. We do not grudge him his niche among the brilliant sons of Ireland, but somehow he does not win our hearts. He is described on the jacket of Mr. Hale's book as 'almost a gentleman, nearly a poet, not quite a statesman'. A great deal more might be said.

Japanese Politics. By Nobutaka Ike. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

It was one of General MacArthur's weaknesses that, in his desire to transform Japan into a thorough-going democracy, he was apt to indulge in wishful-thinking and to interpret superficial democratic developments as fundamental advances on the road to democracy. Dr. Ike makes no reference to this foible; but he demonstrates clearly, in this penetrating analysis of Japanese post-war politics, that political methods and outlook in Japan are still influenced far more by traditional political and social values than by the democratic conceptions which the American Occupation authorities sought to instil.

Proceeding methodically to examine the various factors behind the political scene in Japan today, he shows the important part still played by the old family system and that personalities and traditional loyalties still count for more than political principles. The actual buying of votes seems now to be on an insignificant scale, but other ways of influencing voters by undemocratic means are used, and some of the ingenious methods devised by local political bosses in rural districts for defeating the purposes of the secret ballot are described.

General MacArthur would no doubt resent being likened to Mao Tse-tung; but, like him, he recognized the social and political implications of the family system. Mao has done his best to destroy it in China; MacArthur tried merely to modify it in Japan by means of the American-imposed Constitution and was not wholly successful. Dr. Ike explains this by remarking that 'a system that is as strongly entrenched in the past and has such far-reaching ramifications as the Japanese family system cannot be altered by the stroke of the pen of any law-maker'.

The family system and other matters already mentioned are but some of the many factors in post-war Japanese politics examined in this book. Amongst others are the important role played by *yuryokusha* and by what Dr. Ike calls 'private or informal government'; the links between politics and big business; the revival of the plutocracy; the continuance of paternalism in the small industrial institutions; the results of land reform; the power which continues to be wielded behind the scenes by men who hold neither government nor party posts and by the bureaucrats, especially those in the lower echelons. He also enumerates certain new factors challenging the old values; and in his careful analysis of the whole political system and the way it works he makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge and understanding of post-war Japan.

Defense of the Middle East: Problems of American Policy. By John C. Campbell. Oxford, for Harper. 40s.

The Council on Foreign Relations, having seen the need for a book such as this—in the title of which 'Defense' really means 'our attitude towards'—did wisely in entrusting it to Dr. Campbell, their own Director of Political Studies. Assisted by an *ad hoc* study group, he brings to his task considerable qualifications as an historian, ex-official (for ten years) in the State Department, occasional middle-eastern visitor, and master of a clear, readable style. It may be felt that a shorter book could well have included all its essential matter and found more readers; but though Dr. Campbell is punctilious in every well-rounded sentence, and leaves no i undotted, he is never dull, pompous, or culpably diffuse. The book is accurate in its facts, clear in its sequence, objective—to an unusual and pleasing extent—in its treatment of various national policies and records, and temperate but not flabby in its judgments. Even Arab publicists would find little in it that could hurt their quivering *amour propre*, and much that, if read with calm tolerance, might help them.

A third of the book, which, ending its survey in December 1957, cannot cover the present year, records the origin and recent course of the main current problems and explains the significance of the main events. The other two-thirds cover defence matters in the stricter sense, pacts and alliances, economic aspects, the Israel problem, and western international solidarity (or lack of it); and offer finally such 'guide-lines' for policy as the author feels to emerge from his extended review. The concentration is on the sheer importance of finding solutions to the problems presented, the baffling interconnexion of the dominant elements in each of these, the vagaries of national psychology. Dr. Campbell, leaving no aspect unreviewed, will carry most readers with him in his main assignments of present priority and will please British readers (other than Colonel Blimp and his fellow clubmen) by his generally just and unembittered assessment of British moves and feelings.

As for the nexus of problems so carefully analysed, it would be expecting too much to look for cut-and-dried solutions. A good deal however is offered, negatively, in condemning certain past actions and attitudes as erroneous, or inadequate, and, positively, by separating the type of problem (for instance, military defence, or economic uplift) to which wise policy can hope to find an answer, from those for which, like the Israeli-Arab deadlock, nothing can at present be hoped but minor advances or piecemeal improvements on the periphery. There is, as so often in books of this type, a tendency to take refuge, when it comes to the solution to be recommended, in vague phrases of little effective content: Dr. Campbell is not free from this and is apt to see grave objections even to his own favoured solutions.

He is clear that all remnants of 'imperialism' must be dropped, Arab nationalism and neutralism frankly accepted, unwanted pacts avoided, but the Northern Tier (to which Iraq, still monarchist, belonged when the book was written) upheld; identification with lost causes and outdated regimes should be eschewed, progress pressed (without strings) in the economic field. The inadequacy of the Eisenhower Doctrine, as missing the true facts of subversion, is exposed, but subversion itself is to be comprehensively resisted, and military bases should be retained. The importance of Western solidarity is stressed, with the warning that France can no longer contribute anything important (and is unpopular over her Algerian policy and her support of Israel), and Great Britain far less than of old; the main effort must be American. Not much that is specific, and less that is cheering, emerges from the admirably arranged pages dealing with the U.S.S.R., frankly admitted as a middle-eastern force, or with Israel. But the contribution of so much thorough, humane, and unbiased examination is in itself considerable, and raises Dr. Campbell's book to a level substantially above nine-tenths of the weary and repetitive 'books on the Middle East'.

Crossing the Line. By Claud Cockburn. Macgibbon and Kee. 18s.

This second volume of reminiscences by our greatest living ex-Communist carries his story from 1938 to his noiseless break with the party. And what a clever and exciting story it is. Its proper place in a well-arranged library is somewhere between the works of Dumas and Phillips Oppenheim. It is far more entertaining than anything these authors ever wrote, and its style is incomparably better. But in its dexterous mixture of the real and the fantastic, the book lies halfway between romantic literature and the thriller. It is not a true autobiography, as the publishers claim. The real Claud Cockburn still eludes us. We are no nearer to understanding how this sardonic Puck could find it possible to tolerate the dreadful earnestness of the comrades for so long. He seems to have joined the Communist Party for much the same reason as some of us buy our theatre tickets through a certain agency: 'You want the best conspiracies—We have them'. When they ceased to have them Mr. Cockburn lost interest, and the cloak and dagger he was born with were put away among the moth-balls.

He has retained much of the vocabulary that served him so well in his *Daily Worker* days, and some of the techniques that went with it. He tells with relish how he cooked up the story about the Tetuan revolt against Franco; a concoction, he reminds us, that drove Leon Blum into sending guns to Republican Spain. But a little later, with something akin to disgust, he deals with Ernest Bevin's phoney tears:

I had watched Bevin at numerous conferences, watched for the moment when the sly, alert eyes of this John Bull in plastic would judge the moment ripe to switch from the sternly practical to the sob. He was a real John Bull, a professional Englishman, with the capacity of the professional Englishman—perfected through long years of colonialism—to have the tears gush from his eyes, etc., etc.

This is propaganda of the very highest order: note how skilfully that word 'colonialism', with its deadly effect, is slipped into the narrative. The account of the origins of the cold war, and of the rivalry between the Labour and Communist Parties, shows the same superlative craftsmanship. Mr. Cockburn is indeed a master.

Evelyn Underhill. By Margaret Cropper. Longmans. 25s.

She had a Magic. By Brian O'Brien. Cape. 18s.

Few women were more unlike than Evelyn Underhill and Mary Slessor. They differed in character, background, and upbringing. One came from a comfortable, cultured, upper-middle-class home, the other from a Scottish slum where a drunken father kept his large family in permanent squalor, poverty, and want. Yet they possessed one thing in common and that counted for more than all their differences —the conviction that they must dedicate themselves to the service of God. An absolute faith in Reality dominated their lives and actions and drove the one to become an exponent of the mystical life, the other to serve for forty years in some of the most deadly and fearsome jungle territory of what was then with reason called the White Man's Grave.

It is idle to pretend that the name of Evelyn Underhill is widely known or that her life, written though it is with personal knowledge and a thorough understanding of her aims and ideals, will be to everyone's taste. But to all earnest Christians and to all, whether Christian or not, who are attracted to religious mysticism, Miss Margaret Cropper's biography will have a fascinating and stimulating appeal. For Evelyn Underhill was no stained-glass figure remote and ethereal in her sanctity. There was nothing abnormal in her way of life. Her sympathies were wide, her tastes catholic, her interests numerous, even worldly. Of how many women could it be said that they combined mysticism with a passion for yachting? The language she employed was, like herself, devoid of affectations: her idioms were homely and often slangy. In fact she distrusted high flights of emotion, any parade of spiritual inclinations, any holier-than-thou attitudes. As she once wrote, referring metaphorically to the spiritual life, in a girls' magazine: 'Keep the home fires burning by all means; they are the fires which raise the steam by which you work. But don't keep poking them in public and remarking on the quality of the coal'. Her own spiritual life owed much to the famous Baron von Hügel and instructed by him she was later able through her writings and the retreats, which she conducted with such success, to illuminate the mystical way to those in desperate search for guidance. 'The mystics', she had claimed, 'are the pioneers of the spiritual world'. When she died in 1941, aged sixty-six and worn out by her manifold activities, she would probably have asked for no better epitaph.

It cannot be said that outside missionary or colonial circles the name Mary Slessor is any better known than Evelyn Underhill. Of such ignorance anyone who reads *She had a Magic* is likely to feel ashamed and at the same time to rejoice that at last a tribute is being paid to this young girl from the back streets of Dundee who, with nothing but the love of God in her heart, penetrated the country lying between the Cross and Calabar rivers and by her courage, religion, and example helped to destroy the hideous practices therein perpetrated. Combining the job of missionary, magistrate, midwife, school-mistress, and elder stateswoman, Mary Slessor exercised an influence which transcended that of any single individual in what is now known as Nigeria.

Mr. O'Brien's somewhat dramatic treatment of his subject with its frequent resort to *oratio recta* may irk some readers. But while one has the impression that the last thing the unconventional Mary Slessor wanted was a biography of herself, yet, if one were to be written, this is probably the manner in which she would prefer it to be done.

A Time to Speak. By Michael Scott. Faber. 21s.

This is a book to shake complacency. Three years after his ordination Michael Scott left a comfortable country parish for the East End of London, where 'at least the evils of the world were being fought or endured rather than enjoyed in a combination of venial comfort and mortal pride'. Already he had lived in an African leper settlement. In Hackney he experienced the depression, the arrival of the Hunger Marchers, and the rise of British Fascism, and in revolt against the suffering all around him allied himself with the Communists, though never accepting their materialist doctrine. By 1940 he had realized that their aims were not his. After being invalided out of the Air Force he returned to South Africa, this time to Sophiatown. He soon found himself in the midst of 'race conflict' in its ugliest forms.

By now he was convinced that passive resistance as conceived by Gandhi was the right and duty of a Christian in the face of injustice, and he joined a small band of Indians who protested in this way against the residential restrictions that were being imposed on them in Durban; this earned him a prison sentence. Then he went to live in the shantytown that later became the Moroka Ward of Johannesburg.

By this time he was known as one willing to champion the most desperate African cause. Better known among his later activities are his investigation of the treatment of labourers on the Bethal farms and his plea for the Herero before the United Nations. He was expelled from central Africa for encouraging Africans to protest by passive resistance against their inclusion in the federation.

Now, in London, he is the director of the Africa Bureau, which circulates information on significant developments in Africa and lends support to Africans seeking a hearing in London for their political views. The part of his book which describes this latest phase is inevitably less impressive than the accounts of his own experiences in South Africa. Summaries of the events surrounding the deposition of the Kabaka and the conflict between Tshekedi and Seretse Khama do not throw much fresh light on these incidents, and one feels sometimes that unworthy motives are imputed on inadequate evidence. Yet the book taken as a whole compels —though it never asks—admiration for a story of unending readiness to be spent in the service of others.

A Bird Watcher in Kenya By V. D. Van Someren. Oliver and Boyd. 30s.

Wild Venture By K. Richmond. Bles. 21s.

Portrait of a Wilderness By G. Mountfort. Hutchinson. 30s.

It used to be said that wherever you go in the world and find a hole in the ground you will find a Cornish miner at the bottom of it—and now one might add that wherever you find a bird's nest you will find a bird watcher watching it. These books describe the adventures of bird-watchers in East Africa, Scotland, and Spain.

Dr. Van Someren's pictorial skill with the camera is equal to his enthusiasm for birds. As he points out in his preface, a number of learned papers on the biology and systematics of East African birds have appeared in recent years, but no book on amateur bird watching and photography has hitherto been produced for the entertainment and enlightenment of the layman or spare-time naturalist. The opportunities are boundless: 'the birds of eastern Africa offer an almost unlimited field for study at the nest, or elsewhere', whereas in the British Isles 'there is scarcely a single species who has not faced a camera lens at some time or another'.

In *Wild Venture* Mr. Richmond tells of his wanderings through the length and breadth of Scotland in search of birds. He writes with charm and skill, and vividly portrays the scenes and birds he knows and loves so well. He starts with the Golden Eagle, the most impressive of all the British birds, and goes on to describe many other species with which he is familiar on their native heath, from the grand old Caper to diminutive shore waders. The freshness of his descriptive style makes this a delightful book for the country-lover as well as for the more seriously interested bird-watcher.

Portrait of a Wilderness describes the adventures of the participants in three bird-watching expeditions to the Coto Doñana, the arid region of sand and scrub, interspersed with marshes, north of the mouth of the Guadalquivir about thirty miles from Jerez de la Frontiera in southern Spain. The region was for 350 years the hunting reserve of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, and has remained completely unspoilt. Nearly half the bird species of the Continent have been seen there, and deer, boar, lynx, and many smaller mammals are common. The book is written as a non-technical account of three expeditions in 1952, 1956, and 1957; it deals not only with the birds but also with the mammals, reptiles, insects, and flowers, and the fascinating peasant life of the Coto Doñana. It emphasises that although much of western Europe is overcrowded and stripped of its inheritance of wild life, a few remote areas of unspoiled wilderness still remain where nature is undisturbed by the encroachments of modern civilisation.

Birds are beautiful and often splendid creatures, and these books demonstrate the fascination that can be derived from contemplating them not only in the more remote regions of the world but on our very doorsteps.

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The Bible Society would undoubtedly have numbered Sir Thomas Browne among its most generous subscribers, had it existed in his day. So typical an Englishman cannot fail to have his modern counterparts, to whose generosity the Society appeals with confidence in 1958.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Do It Yourself

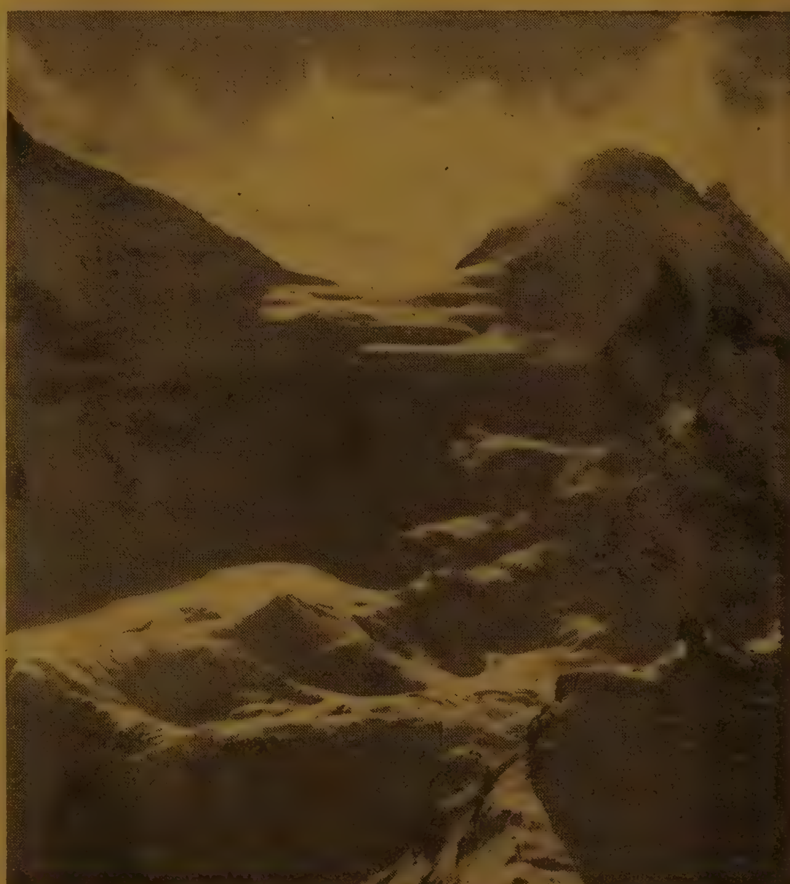
SOME PEOPLE SAY that watching television is like entering a dream-world: sport, travelogues, space-rockets, Miss World, Mr. Chataway, succeed each other rapidly and effortlessly, while the lazy viewer sits back in his chair, scarcely noticing the transition from one image to the next. Selective viewing is one answer, of course: when it comes to that moon-probe, for instance, one expert is enough: we got several last week, and only 'Tonight', with its flair for the off-beat, produced a devil's (or angels') advocate in the person of Bernard Levin, who demanded to know what good it was all doing, which made one expert very cross.

But the problem of making it all real remains. One kind of programme which solves the problem admirably is the demonstration programme. This can be practical and factual, like 'Short Cuts' or 'Gardening Club': to watch these if one had no intention of ever taking their advice would be to misuse the medium and become an addict. Or information can be dramatized in various ways, one of the best being to teach by laughter, a formula which 'Tonight' has lately taken to: a new and original comedy-team called Hart and Johnson Smith have been illustrating points of law—such as assault, or the rights of neighbours—by means of purely visual knockabout.

On the frontier between entertainment and information, producers from time to time make gallant efforts to galvanize their jaded audiences into some new participation or identification: 'You Are There', for instance, and now a new series, 'You Take Over', which might also, if ungrammatically, be called 'You Are Them'. The idea here is not just to watch people doing exciting or unusual things, but to imagine you yourself, the viewer, are doing them. The excellent 'Living with Danger' series managed that admirably, or so I thought, with no 'gimmick' except good production. But 'You Take Over' is trying to push identification a stage further by using a device called 'subjective camerawork', well known in the cinema, whereby the camera takes the place of the hero of the action, who is meant to be the viewer.

'Hunting with Eagles' a film in 'Travellers' Tales', on October 15: a golden eagle, trained by Dan Mannix to hunt giant Mexican lizards, perching on Mrs. Mannix's hand

John Cura



In the Bernese Oberland: a scene from the film 'Passport', produced by Richard Dimbleby, on October 17

Left: Miss Penelope Anne Coelan of South Africa, winner of the 'Miss World Beauty Contest 1958': the final stages of the contest were televised from the Lyceum, London, on October 13

Last Thursday we viewers took over air-traffic control. London Airport, fog-bound but not, happily, strike-bound; footsteps down an empty corridor, a lift going up: all seemed set for excitement. But an idea which is good in theory does not always work out in practice. The production 'gimmick' had an unfortunate effect on the actors, who, forced to turn glazed eyes on the camera, gave wooden and unconvincing performances, which were not helped by some rather stilted dialogue. A V.I.P.—looking alternately puzzled and bored—was then shown round: a hackneyed and artificial theatrical device for imparting information which on another level of the illusion, we ought to have possessed already. After we had plodded through some laborious question and answer, things began to move and improve; there were some good visual effects—the aircraft coming in on the radar screen, the runway picked out in light—and a business-like climax in which a foreign pilot was safely 'talked down' through the fog: course, distance, speed, height, and a safe landing, with everyone beaming congratulations at the invisible controller whom I had never for one moment felt to be me; and if my grammar has become confused, this reflects some confusion in my own mind between subject and object.

Remote control of an older kind was the subject of 'Hunting with Eagles' (October 15). Dan Mannix, an American adventure-seeker whose autobiography I recall with vivid pleasure, recently trained two eagles, using the ancient art of falconry, and then took them, and his wife, off to Mexico to catch live lizards for zoos. Some of the action-shots in this absorbing film seemed to me as remarkable as Disney's 'Living Desert': particularly the stalking by the eagle of a large black iguana, six feet long and armed like a dinosaur. And, for good measure, Mr. Mannix threw in an extraordinary episode in which a Mexican turtle-fisherman dived a hundred feet into the sea from a sheer cliff to rescue his young brother from a huge manta-ray. This programme had no 'gimmick': beautifully photographed and narrated, it was an adventure in the great tradition, a story of courage, skill, and enterprise by man and bird. Here is someone who could do a series to make us all sit up and no pretending.

We last saw Aldous Huxley in an American television film. On October 12, in 'Monitor', he was interviewed 'live' by John Lehmann. Mr. Lehmann is far from being Britain's answer to the American interviewer Mike Wallace; rather did he resemble a prosperous literary stockbroker, with Mr. Huxley, haggard and charming, as some cultural shares which happened to be doing rather well. The result was a conversation-piece rather than an interview, which made a pleasant change and allowed Huxley to relax more than he could with Mr. Wallace. Even more relaxed was Duke Ellington, who followed him in the same programme, grin-

ning hugely and wisecracking suavely while Messrs. Dankworth and Lyttelton improvised to the old nostalgic tunes for all they were worth.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Three Other Sisters

'THE THREE DAUGHTERS of M. Dupont', translated by St. John Hankin, adapted by Michael Voysey and produced, with excellent driving-power, by Campbell Logan, gave 'Sunday-Night Theatre' a good helping of strong meat. Brieux mingled Ibsenite domestic realism with the energetic propulsion of the then fashionable 'problem play'.

It was the Pinero period, but Brieux could be more forthright in his scourging of middle-class morals. He was enthusiastically introduced to English audiences and readers by Bernard Shaw.

Scene from 'The Three Daughters of M. Dupont' on October 19, with (left to right) Olga Lindo as Mme. Dupont, Olive McFarland as Julie, Walter Fitzgerald as M. Dupont, and Margaret Tyzack as Caroline

Sunday's piece was a vigorous hammering of the avarice and masculine domination of French bourgeois life. Dupont, impoverished owner of a printing-business, had three daughters, one of whom, a sinner thrown out in shame, went (miserably) gay for lack of other chances. The second took to religion without much reward of comfort: the third was sold in the marriage-market into the household of a nearly bankrupt banker in the vain hope that a profitable deal had been made. Chekhov's 'Three Sisters' were given, in their frustration, a background of almost poetical compassion. Brieux's trio have their stories told in prose that has the vigorous persuasion of a Shavian preface.

There are no undertones in the picture of the Dupont ménage. Greed is greed without stint: the husband to whom poor Julie is sold is a crude asserter of masculine sovereignty in marriage and a cynical money-grubber as well. Brieux wrote before the psycho-analysts had got to work with their explanations and palliations. For him the black was very black and Julie's soul as white as the advertised product of a modern detergent. So one could not believe in any future for Julie's marriage when some final promise of patching and mending was made: and presumably one was not intended to believe. The society in which she moved was incurable: her Doll's House was going to be Bleak House always.

The cast co-operated to the full in giving French domesticity a piece of Brieux's angry mind. There were no hesitations in Walter Fitzgerald's ripping open of Dupont's squalid avarice and in Olga Lindo's complicity as Madame. Fabia Drake as another money-grubbing mother neatly pointed every self-betraying line, and Olive McFarland gave a clear, convincing statement of Julie's hopes and sufferings in the course of her abominable marriage. One's only complaint about the casting was that Paul Daneman had too pleasant a personality for the insufferable bully and ugly customer who took Julie off the matrimonial counter in the hope of getting a money-prize along with the purchased article.

It becomes more obvious as television's young life expands that brevity is often the soul of the business. People who go to the theatre or the films make a journey, perhaps a long one, and pay out considerable sums of money. Therefore they must be supplied with a certain quantity of time-filling material: otherwise, whatever the quality, they will think the bargain a poor one. But television is under no such constraint. The viewers switch on and off: most want variety, the long and the short item; some are content with very little: so those artists who can insert a brilliant brevity into the general pattern are likely to be welcome.

Bernard Braden in 'The Man Who Hated Time', the second in the series 'Personal Playhouse', on October 14

Bernard Braden, in his 'Personal Playhouse', has night after night been holding the screen for fifteen minutes with a dramatized story in which the several voices are all Braden's. One can lay down a book or abandon a chore for this interlude, which does not devour an evening but supplies instead a theatrical 'night-cap' for absorption at 10.45 or so. Braden began with an episode in the life of an American chemist who deflected a potential suicide. It was an ingenious little piece and it was performed as neatly as tersely. Next night, Braden was an Irish customs officer who had gone the wrong way. I was unable to follow him through the week, but would gladly have done so. The versatility, as far as I saw it and according to further report, was capitally sustained. The 'one-man band' was never 'off-beat'.

The main burden of programme-provision is carried, week after week, by the fabricators of the various series. Some of these features are divisible into half-hours which have continuing characters but separate stories. Thus the occasional viewer can understand what he sees. There is no trouble, for example, in the case of the new arrival who finds himself amid the whirling and flagellant affairs of Jimmy Edwards: each 'Whack-O!' episode is intelligible by itself. So, too, with 'Dixon of Dock Green' and 'The Sky Larks', whose helicopter crew has been given such a very long voyage. Contrasted with these is the series feature which is really a serial. What is the butter-in at, say, Chapter IV, to do about that? His hope is that the affair will make sufficient sense to leave him eager for Chapter V.

I butted in to the third episode of 'Leave it to Todhunter' and was left with the hope that I should be able to keep up in future with this nervous little man of mystery for whom Mervyn Johns is an excellent spokesman. The word 'cliff-hanger' is now applied to a last line which leaves the reader in suspense; in this case I was duly suspended on the crags of murder.

Among the week's levities were the return of Alan Melville, the incomparable compère, with his alphabetical parade of theatre personalities; 'A to Z' was introduced with his own wit and with himself intervening with a neat burlesque of two well-known beast-watchers. On Saturday night the plaintive comedy of Charlie Drake, presented by Billy Cotton amid the brisk efficiency of 'Wakey Wakey', showed that Drake can be a duck out of water. He performed charmingly without the usual humours of slap-dab among the whitewash and immersion in a whirl of buckets. May he continue on dry land!

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Old Men and Angels

WHILE MR. BECKETT and M. Ionesco make their separate ways in the theatre to a study of the environment of the aged, Mr. James Hanley is making a radio contribution to the same field of study. In 'A Letter in the Desert', which was produced by Mr. John Gibson, he considers the provincial town frustrations of a professor, who had wanted to write works of genius, and of his wife, who had wanted to be a concert pianist. From a slow beginning in which Professor French (Mr. Alec Clunes) and his wife (Miss Fay Compton) are merely agedly tetchy, the play reveals relentlessly the barrenness of their lives and the way in which they have wasted the little talent that they possess. Professor French is vain and pompous and his selfishness in pursuing the dream of success as a writer of novels has condemned the two of them to an empty life at Clanton, a place where the afternoon walk is the highlight of the day. Mrs. French, who believes that she could have been a concert pianist and who feels that the Professor has deprived her of her opportunities, has understandable grounds for resenting her husband. Her resentment becomes boundless, however, when she discovers that the Professor's vanity has driven them into a position where they are beholden to the local grocer. The grocer, a man with a taste for the kind of pornography that the Professor is capable of in his novels, has died, and his son tells Mrs. French that the old man used to pay the Professor to read the novels to him at his sick bed.

The couple should by rights come to a head-on collision on this point, but the Professor has received a letter inviting him to London to give a lecture. While the image of him in Mrs. French's mind is breaking finally, he goes to London in search of the hotel which is to be the scene of his latter-day triumph.

The hotel has been destroyed by the war and, in a long letter from the desert of London, the Professor describes the way in which the world has changed. He is amazed and confused and there is a suggestion that he is made humble by the realization of change. Before he returns home Mrs. French has realized finally that she hates him utterly. The play ends with his homecoming, and though there was in my mind a doubt about the future life of the couple, Mr. Hanley succeeded in preaching a powerful sermon on the evils of vanity and pomp. He was able to do this effectively because he had chosen for his study of the 'age of regret' a couple with intelligence and communicativeness instead of using the tramps and senilely decayed couples beloved by some of his contemporaries.

Bridie's 'Tobias and the Angel', performed by Glasgow Citizens' Theatre Company, was the second in the series of plays being performed by repertory companies, and it was, as a production, a resounding radio success. There is something frustrating about Bridie. He always gives me the feeling in the first act that he is going to write a very great play. The story of Tobias is wild enough for any imagination, but its eventual message, that we must count our blessings and refrain from demanding too much from providence, plays too safe. In choosing this play the Citizens were lucky in that they were able to make use of Mr. Moultrie R. Kelsall's adaptation. As angels are better heard and imagined than seen, the play gained something on the radio. Mr. Peter Duguid, who played an almost stereophonic Asmoday, was also the producer and he had made it clear to his cast that they had only their voices with which to tell their story. When Tobit said with awe the last words, 'We have been visited', I had a strong sensation that I had been visited too.

Other visitations during the week sprang from the pen and the influence of Conan Doyle. Listening to 'Darkness at Pemberley', by Mr. T. H. White, and 'High Pavement', by Miss Emery Bonett, I was reminded of the locked bedroom situation that Conan Doyle pioneered in stories like 'The Beetle Hunter'. This early thriller was simpler than its descendants and it seemed to have lost some of its terror. Both 'High Pavement' and 'Darkness at Pemberley' lent themselves to radio adaptation to a degree that 'The Beetle Hunter' did not. Braving Doyle fans, I would like to suggest humbly that his work needs adapting rather severely in the light of the medium's appetite for suspense.

Herr Ernst Schnabel's documentary, 'The Footsteps of Anne Frank', created for me a dramatic situation that he never intended when he compiled the story of Anne Frank. Herr Schnabel has so well mastered the technique of conversational radio that there were moments when it seemed as if the German listener was taking a silent part in the programme. It is no good parading the figures of the dead and shouting at the Germans that they were guilty and are responsible unless the story of the tragedy is told with the humanity and art of a man like Herr Schnabel.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Formal and Informal

IF DISCUSSION is still—apart from drama—the life of sound radio, nothing could be less predictable than the amount of liveliness a given subject may provoke. In the Network Three series, for example, called 'Talking of Theatre', not much might have been expected from an inquiry into the repertory tradition, with particular reference to its origins under the wing of the redoubtable Miss Horniman at Manchester fifty years ago. But, if so, we reckoned without Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson, who were there at the beginning and who called in to discuss their memories of 1908 with Val Gielgud. Spontaneity bubbled over. The distinguished pair evidently have a habit of telescoping their conversation, so that it would be invidious to decide who was getting a word in edgeways, but a total picture came over splendidly clear, of both the participants and the past. And, of course, Miss Horniman's contribution to theatrical history was put in its place, in a way which no straight talk could have achieved. She emerged as a female Quixote, whose notions of theatre were antique, wrong-headed, superficial; but a person with money, drive, and the kind of character that leaves a name after it—'sweet and sympathetic, if you were tactful', put in Dame Sybil, 'and of course I was very tactful, being brought up at a vicarage'.

Only seasoned professionals could achieve quite this degree of unself-conscious ease. And before going on from the theatre to the bard, I ought to mention two other 'pros', of very different kinds—Beatrice Forbes-Robertson who, in a talk on Ellen Terry and Irving (Friday, Home) gave an 'impression' of the great Henry which no written description could emulate; and James Thurber, who gave an equally good one of a parrot, in a brief contribution to that new and rather dizzying bazaar called 'Roundabout', in the Light Programme. Thurber thinks and talks as he writes, and he put himself across with the ease of someone who is always rehearsing, as writers do. The parrot in question was not on his side. Dogs, he told us, mostly are. Cats sometimes, but not the cats in Paris. But what could be more sourly impartial than a Paris cat?

To proceed to 'honest and civil' Mr. Shakespeare, as Dr. Leslie Hotson called him, by contemporary quotation, in a talk given in another Network Three series, 'The Living Shakespeare'. Without denying the fascination of Dr. Hotson's researches, it is always possible to question the brightness of his conclusions. I suspect, for instance, that Shakespeare's reputation as a good man of business rests on the fact that business documents tend to survive, where papers of a more intimate nature do not. And it owes something, too, to the inbred English conviction that the arts are a queerness to be tolerated, and the artist himself must be an impractical idiot. However that may be, the effect of the Hotson portrait was strangely null. We know a good deal about Shakespeare's world, about the high-bred roughs and toughs (including Southampton) who 'owned' a company of players, very much as they kept dogs or bears—or an errant maid-of-honour. And we know a little, too, about that highly combustible and disreputable wooden booth, the theatre, with the plague and the puritan at its doors, and the rain coming in through the open roof.

Not a breath of this was allowed to aerate this particular talk. Even the implications of 'honest and civil'—who, even in the dock, would be flattered by such extenuating praise?—were left unexamined. David Daiches, given fifteen minutes on the poetry, could only extract a sonnet and surround it with periphrasis, dislodge a brick from the structure of *Hamlet*, and turn it round for admiration.

'This is Shakespeare, so it must be good' was the deadly, underlying assumption. Granted all the difficulties, this series, far from being an approach to reality, seems to offer little but a perspective of the usual mortuary waxwork.

Reality similarly eluded a different sort of programme. 'The Massari Brothers' (Monday, Home) had a promising subject, the settlement in South Wales, around 1900, of a band of Italians who came and conquered as café proprietors. This could have been homely and vivid, but through nobody's fault in particular, constriction seeped in. No one was quite at ease or in character. Clearly this has been a professionals' week. Two of them, M.P. and journalist, got into a remarkable clinch apropos of the burning question of hecklers at political meetings. The stubbornness with which the M.P. circled back to defend a point already dismissed made an impressive display of the technique of stalling. On the other hand, Freddy Grisewood's retrospective survey of 'Any Questions?' gave us professional speakers on the spree. I particularly enjoyed, among the excerpts, Lady Violet Bonham Carter's rhapsody on a prospect of a line of washing.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

The Festival at Leeds

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the first musical festival in Leeds (held in connexion with the opening of the Town Hall by Queen Victoria) has been celebrated in fine style during the past week.

This year's main commission went to Peter Racine Fricker, whose experience has been mainly in instrumental music, but who has, since he took over the direction of the Morley College concerts, gained experience in choral music and tried his hand at composing it. The commission for Leeds enabled him to venture on a composition on the largest scale and he boldly attempted the most ambitious and potentially rewarding subject—the Last Judgement.

Conceived on a Michelangelesque scale, *A Vision of Judgement* is composed for two soloists, double-chorus, five-part semi-chorus, and a large orchestra reinforced with the extra brass that, like stalwart voices, is plentiful in Yorkshire. In writing for these large forces, Fricker evidently found it expedient to simplify his usually complicated style and to soften its asperity. His technical command of his resources has ensured that the music shall be singable and that its massive climaxes shall be soundly built up.

With such forces a skilful composer can hardly fail to make an imposing effect. But the impression created by the broadcast, in which one was not subjected, in the same degree, to the physical impact of sheer numbers, was that the effect was imposing only in the sense of imposing upon the hearer. It had a hollow ring as though the music had no core, no heart to it. The apparatus of a *Judgement* was there but not the visionary power that would have made it seem awful in the proper sense of that word. Neither the lamentations of the opening nor the jubilations of the close moved or excited me, as the similar passages in *Belshazzar's Feast* did. The flatness of the musical ideas is most obvious in the quieter middle sections of the work, in which only the duet for soprano and tenor had anything like a distinguished melodic idea. I hope we have not to decide that Fricker without his 'advanced' harmonies is an 'emperor without his clothes'.

The other commission for Leeds went to Benjamin Britten, who responded with a less ambitious and more successful composition, a *Nocturne* for tenor (Peter Pears) and small orchestra. This is one more anthology of poems on a given theme—sleep and dreams—like those in *Spring Symphony* and the *Serenade*. The new work is more continuous and homogeneous than its predecessors, the individual songs being

set upon a foundation of string-tone and accompanied by a variety of concertante wind-instruments and drums which also provide cadential links between them in the manner used by Britten to join the scenes or variations of *The Turn of the Screw*. As usual, it is an original and ingenious scheme carried out with Britten's infallible deftness of touch. There is a sleepiness about the sound of the music that only once or twice seemed in danger of becoming merely somnolent. And if you *did* nod, there were the menacing drums of the nightmare setting of some lines from Wordsworth's *Prelude* to call you to attention. The singer was well suited by the songs, as one would expect, but he did not make the words as clear as usual and he appeared to call in the intrusive 'h' to give shape and accent to florid passages.

The work of the chorus during the festival has been magnificent, and Mr. Bardgett certainly deserved the tremendous ovation that greeted him, rather than the not very stylish performance he directed of Marc-Antoine Charpentier's *Te Deum*, another festival novelty, though nearly three centuries old. It was not merely that the chorus had immense power and beautiful quality of tone, which enabled it to take Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in its stride; it could also produce a resonant pianissimo and sing with accuracy and assurance the difficult *a cappella* section of Fricker's work. In Verdi's *Quattro Pezzi Sacri*, given as though it were a single continuous work with no breaks between the pieces, they were equally successful in the little *Ave Maria*, which is rarely performed and sounded quite ravishing, and in the tremendous *Te Deum* which is of real festival dimensions.

The other chief event of the week was the Return of the Prodigal—or shall we say Prodigy? For Sir Thomas Beecham is nothing if not prodigious, performing at eighty with all the alertness and vitality of his younger days coupled with the experience of the years. No need for him to sigh '*Si vieillesse pouvait!*' But we listeners were left to sigh for a hearing of *Ein Heldenleben*, whose specific gravity would nicely have balanced the Viennese lightness of early Schubert and the Mediterranean sunniness of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Monteverdi Vespers

By J. A. WESTRUP*

The Vespers will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, October 29 (Third)

MONTEVERDI was forty-three when he published his first important collection of church music (the three-part *Sacrae Cantiunculae* are relatively unimportant pieces in a traditional style). By 1610 he was well known as a composer of secular music. He had published five books of madrigals and written two operas—*Orfeo* (1607) and *Arianna* (1608). There is no evidence that he was particularly drawn towards the composition of church music, in spite of the fact that in his old age he was ordained priest. He had, however, been *maestro di cappella* to the Duke of Mantua for eight years, and in that capacity must have been required to produce music for religious services—a responsibility which became heavier still when he went to St. Mark's, Venice, in 1613.

The immediate occasion of the publication of 1610 was similar to that which prompted Bach to begin the composition of the B minor Mass. Monteverdi was anxious to win the favour of Pope Paul V, to whom the collection is dedicated, and for that reason included a setting of the Mass which is not only in a severely traditional style but is actually founded on themes from a motet by Nicolas Gombert, who died about 1556. The second part of the collection, however, consists of music of a very different character. The full title of the publication is *Sanctissimae Virgini Missa senis vocibus ad ecclesiarum choros ac Vespere pluribus decantandae cum nonnullis sacris concentibus ad Sacella sive Principum Cubicula accommodata.* The title makes it clear that this is not music for any ordinary occasion but is designed expressly for princely chapels which have the requisite resources.

The liturgy of the Catholic Church provides a special office for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary throughout the year. The order of service for second vespers is as follows:

1. *Deus in adjutorium*, intoned by the priest and answered by the choir with the words *Domine ad adjuvandum* (Psalm 70 in the English prayer-book: 'Haste thee, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord'). This is the normal beginning of all the hours of the office.

2. Five psalms, each preceded by an antiphon from the 'Song of Solomon':

(i) *Dixit Dominus* (Psalm 110: 'The Lord said unto my Lord'), preceded by *Dum esset rex in accubitu* ('Song of Solomon', i. 12: 'While the King sitteth at his table').

(ii) *Laudate pueri* (Psalm 113: 'Praise the Lord, ye servants'), preceded by *Laeva ejus sub capite meo* (viii. 3: 'His left hand should be under my head').

(iii) *Laetatus sum* (Psalm 122: 'I was glad when they said unto me'), preceded by *Nigra sum sed formosa* (i. 5: 'I am black, but comely').

(iv) *Nisi Dominus* (Psalm 127: 'Except the Lord build the house'), preceded by *Jam hiems transiit* (ii. 11: 'For lo, the winter is past').

(v) *Lauda Jerusalem* (Psalm 147, v. 12: 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem'), preceded by *Speciosa facta es* (vii. 6: 'How fair and pleasant art thou, O love').

3. Hymn: *Ave maris stella* ('Hail, star of the sea').

4. *Magnificat*, preceded by the antiphon *Beatam me dicent* ('All generations shall call me blessed').

In Monteverdi's setting this scheme is considerably modified. The antiphon to *Dixit Dominus* is omitted, and the antiphon *Nigra sum* is assigned to the second psalm, *Laudate pueri*. The last three psalms have new antiphons: *Pulchra es* ('Song of Solomon', vi. 4. 'Thou art beautiful, O my love'), *Duo Seraphim* ('Isaiah', vi. 3: 'And one cried unto another') and *Audi coelum* (based on 'Song of Solomon', vi. 10: 'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?'). A setting of the supplication *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis* ('Holy Mary, pray for us') from the Litany is introduced before the hymn *Ave maris stella*. The antiphon to the *Magnificat* is omitted. The complete sequence of Monteverdi's setting is therefore as follows:

1. Response: *Domine ad adjuvandum.*
2. Psalm: *Dixit Dominus.*
3. Antiphon: *Nigra sum.*
4. Psalm: *Laudate pueri.*
5. Antiphon: *Pulchra es.*
6. Psalm: *Laetatus sum.*
7. Antiphon: *Duo Seraphim.*
8. Psalm: *Nisi Dominus.*
9. Antiphon: *Audi coelum.*
10. Psalm: *Lauda Jerusalem.*
11. Litany: *Sancta Maria.*
12. Hymn: *Ave maris stella.*
13. *Magnificat.*

The opening response, the five psalms, the Litany, the hymn, and the *Magnificat* are all based on plainsong: in particular the hymn is a fairly simple and straightforward setting of one of the melodies assigned to these words in the liturgy. The four antiphons are free compositions. The forces required vary considerably. The psalm *Nisi Dominus* is for ten voices, though there is a certain amount of doubling. *Nigra sum* is for solo voice, *Pulchra es* is a duet, *Duo Seraphim* a trio. The instruments specified are a string ensemble, recorders (*flauti*), flutes (*fifare*), *cornetti*, trombones and organ. In the *Magnificat* the organist is told what stops to use—a very rare indication for this period. The most important parts for the orchestral instruments are to be found in the *Magnificat* and in *Sancta Maria*, which is described as a sonata: it is in fact basically an instrumental piece, with the soprano intervening from time to time with the words of the supplication. Elsewhere the instruments play mainly a secondary role. There is no indication whether they double the voices in the choral movements or not, except in *Laudate pueri*, which is expressly described as for eight voices alone with organ.

The style of the movements varies considerably. The opening response, *Domine ad adjuvandum*, is pompous, with the simplest possible choral writing and an instrumental accompaniment largely borrowed from the toccata at the beginning of *Orfeo*. The larger choral pieces present a good deal of elaborate polyphony, together with massive sections in a simple, swinging rhythm. A peculiarity in *Dixit Dominus* is the introduction of psalmodic recitation on one note—a method which Monteverdi also used occasionally in madrigals. The pieces for solo voices are similar in style to the declamatory passages to be found in *Orfeo* and the later madrigal publications. They include expressive recitative, elaborate coloratura, and the vocal tremolando known as the *trillo*. The opening section of *Audi coelum*, which is also for solo voice, introduces an echo—an effect which never seems to have lost its novelty for seventeenth-century composers. In the section of the *Magnificat* beginning '*Deposuit potentes*' (He hath put down the mighty) we have a series of instrumental echoes—first for two *cornetti* and then for two violins. This is obviously imitated from a similar passage in *Orfeo*, where Orpheus pleads with Charon to ferry him across the Styx.

There is much, then, in the Vespers that might be described as 'operatic'. But that would be to misunderstand the character of early baroque music. The sixteenth-century distinction of style between sacred and secular was by this time no longer valid. The same means of expression were employed in works of very different kinds. The result, in this work, is a series of splendid tableaux which form one of the most elaborate and the most brilliant achievements of the early seventeenth century.

* Heather Professor of Music at Oxford since 1947

Bridge Forum—III

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer. Their opinions are given independently of one another.

Question 1

(from Mr. A. B. Hammersley, Beacon Drive, Loughborough)

In a match-point pairs event West and East held the following cards:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 9 8 4	♠ 5 2
♥ A K 9 6 3	♥ J 8 4 2
♦ 8	♦ A K Q 9 7 4
♣ A 9	♣ 8

West was the dealer at love all. At most tables the bidding began: One Spade, Two Diamonds, Three Hearts. Then Six Hearts became the contract, only one pair reaching Seven. I have two questions:

(*a*) Is Seven Hearts the correct final contract?

(*b*) How should it be reached?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Seven Hearts is just odds on, for the chance of not losing a trump trick with this combination stands at 52½ per cent. At rubber bridge that would not justify bidding a grand slam, but at match points the situation is different and a pair that hopes to win can take such chances. After the suggested beginning, One Spade, Two Diamonds, Three Hearts, I like Five Hearts on the East hand. That is better than bidding a conventional Four No Trumps, for the hand does not depend on Aces. West might then bid Five No Trumps, showing all-round controls. East bids Six Diamonds, indicating that that is where his main strength lies. If in sportive mood, West can bid Seven Hearts, knowing that the Queen of trumps is the only possible loser.

Answer by Terence Reese

To ask whether, at match points, East-West should try for Seven Hearts is like asking whether a golfer should play for a birdie or a bogey: it all depends on the state of the game. If they need a 'top' they take the chance, which on the combined hands is slightly better than evens. As to the bidding, they must be good card-holders in Loughborough, for when I see five quick tricks and two good majors I hasten to bid, if not Two Clubs, then certainly Two Spades. I suggest this auction:

WEST	EAST
2S	3D
3H	5H
5NT	6D
6H	No

For me, the Queen of trumps never drops in a grand slam.

Question 2

(from Mr. F. W. H. Breare, Moorland View, Starbeck, Harrogate).

As South, I held the following hand at rubber bridge:

♠ 6
♥ A 5
♦ Q J 8 6 4
♣ A 8 7 5 2

My partner dealt at love all and the bidding went:

SOUTH	NORTH
—	1S
2D	2S
No	

I passed Two Spades because I lacked the values for an opening bid and the hands seemed to be a misfit.

(*a*) Do you agree with the pass of Two Spades?

(*b*) Suppose that North had bid Two Hearts on the second round: then what should South bid?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Mr. Breare is applying a sound principle in an unsound way: it is true that an opening bid opposite an opening bid should produce a game, but it is not sound to apply the converse unless it is quite certain that there is no fit. In the present example I would bid **Two No Trumps** over Two Spades. South has 11 points, normally enough to suggest a game, and there may be a fit in Clubs, if not in Diamonds. Over Two Hearts I also bid **Two No Trumps**. In both sequences Two No Trumps is safer than Three Clubs, for it gives the partnership more chance to stay short of game.

Answer by Terence Reese

The 'opening bid opposite an opening bid is worth a game' theory cannot be applied in reverse. This hand could easily develop game in Clubs or No Trumps. I would bid a straightforward **Three Clubs** over partner's Two Spades. Over Two Hearts the chance of finding a good fit in Clubs is obviously less, so that I prefer **Two No Trumps**.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, THE LISTENER]

Report on Bridge Competition by Harold Franklin

THE PROBLEM SET was as follows:

Love All. Dealer West

WEST	EAST
♠ A 10 7 5 2	♠ Q J 6
♥ 7	♥ A 10
♦ A	♦ Q J 7 6 5 4
♣ A J 7 6 5 3	♣ K 8

On the first round (after West's opening bid) North makes a bid of Three Hearts. North-South take no further part in the auction. What is the best auction on the East-West hand?

Only a few competitors failed to make the orthodox opening bid of One Club with the West hand. The main feature of the hand is its distribution, and that should be the message West should try to convey. To begin with, a bid in the shorter spade suit would give a false picture. The first testing situation, and the one that separated the competitors, was East's bid over Three Hearts. Four Diamonds attracted most votes, but the objection to it is that it takes the partnership beyond Three No Trumps when that might so well be the best or even the only game contract. North is unlikely to have the heart suit and a side entry, and even if he has, partner might fill East's diamond suit or East's King might fill West's club suit to produce nine quick tricks at No Trumps.

Thirty per cent. of the competitors bid Three No Trumps and of those two only went on to complete the sequence of my choice. The first prize goes to C. Rodrigue of 47 Eaton Mews South, London, S.W.1, who expresses with admirable clarity my own view of the hand, as follows:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1C	3H	3NT (1)	No
4S (2)	No	5S (3)	No
6S (4)	No	No	No

(1) With game values opposite partner's opening bid this is the obvious call as 9-10 tricks may be the limit of the hand, and a bid of Four Diamonds would almost certainly commit the partnership to an eleven-trick contract.

(2) Three No Trumps seems an unsuitable contract with this distribution and partner, who has not doubled the intervention, is likely to have some fit with one of the black suits.

(3) Partner must have at least ten black cards, including Five Spades and must be told that the bid of Three No Trumps was not 'pushed' and that we have fitting cards in his suits. (A cue bid of Five Hearts would be too strongly invitational.)

(4) With his excellent controls it is easy for West to accept the slam invitation. Had East made the stronger bid of Five Hearts West would be thinking in terms of the grand slam.

The second prize goes to Flying Officer R. J. B. Seldon, Officers' Mess, Royal Air Force, Sopley, Bransgore, Christchurch, Hants., who offers the same sequence with a somewhat less adequate explanation.

How to Lessen Condensation in the House

By H. J. ELDRIDGE

IT is at this time of the year that many complaints begin to come in concerning dampness on walls, floors, ceilings, and furnishings of houses. This dampness is not the result of rain penetration nor rising ground moisture, but of condensation of moisture from the air.

Obviously, in a house there will be some moisture in the air that comes in from outside, but this may be added to in various ways. When you cook, you produce water, not only from the boiling saucepan, but also as part of the products of the combustion of gas, or oil, if your cooker is of that type. If you are heating the room with a flueless gas or oil heater, then you produce more water. One pint of oil produces when it is burnt a little more than one pint of water. There may be wet clothes to dry, which again adds to the moisture in the house. Whether all this water is going to give you condensation trouble depends largely upon yourself. What can be done about it?

First, you must consider where the excess moisture is coming from, and see whether you can reduce the amount. This may not be possible without changing the heating or cooking appliance, but you may be able to fit a flue to it to take the moisture outside. A collecting hood over such things as wash-boilers will help, too. If you cannot reduce the amount of moisture, then the next step is to consider increasing the ventilation. Many post-war houses have been built without opening fanlights, but their use, particularly in the kitchen, will help to ventilate the room, so that the moist air is replaced by drier air, and condensation is then less likely. Or you can fit extractor fans in your windows. There are several convenient small-sized fans on the market made especially for this purpose.

Many people ventilate the kitchen by leaving open the door connecting the kitchen to the hall. This produces condensation in the hall, or in one of the rooms leading off it, since they are likely to be cooler than the kitchen. I have seen many a staircase wall wet with condensation having its origin in the kitchen. In other houses the condensation has taken place in the bedrooms, which are generally the coldest rooms in a house. Here you may get the added difficulty of the bedclothes becoming damp, for most soft furnishings tend to absorb moisture. Sometimes it is the floor of the hall or the rooms on the ground floor which are cold and they then become partially covered with beads of moisture. When this happens many people wrongly think that the dampness is rising from the ground. So keep the kitchen door closed as much as possible when you are doing jobs which create steam, such as cooking or washing.

Another way of reducing condensation is to keep the cold parts of your house warm. This costs money, and in the majority of cases one cannot afford to heat the rooms solely to avoid condensation. Something can be done, however, by increasing the insulation of the walls, or ceilings, or by the use of anti-condensation paints. These paints generally contain small granules of cork which help to keep the surface of the wall warmer. Consequently condensation does not take place so rapidly, and may not take place at all if the conditions are not too severe.

There are many aspects of the problem of condensation in a house, and the Building Research Station has published two leaflets on this subject: one is known as Building Research Station Digest No. 23, called *Condensation Problems in Buildings*, and the other Building Research Station Digest No. 58, *Wall and Ceiling Surfaces and Condensation*. These can be obtained by writing to the Stationery Office, Post Office Box No. 569, London, S.E.1, sending 8d. in stamps, which includes postage.

—*Network Three*

Notes on Contributors

PETER F. DRUCKER (*page 631*): leading American management consultant; Professor in Management at New York University since 1950; author of *The End of Economic Man, The New Society* and *The Practice of Management*

PETER PARTNER (*page 633*): a master at Winchester College who has specialized in Arab affairs

OTTO KAHN-FREUND (*page 634*): Professor of Law, London School of Economics, London University; co-author of *The System of Industrial Relations in Great Britain* and of *Matrimonial Property Law*

WILLIAM PLOMER (*page 639*): essayist, novelist and poet; author of *I Speak of Africa, Cecil Rhodes, Selected Poems, Double Lives, Four Countries, Gloriana, A Shot in the Park* and other books

ROBERT MATTHEW (*page 641*): Professor of Architecture at Edinburgh University; architect to the London County Council, 1946-53

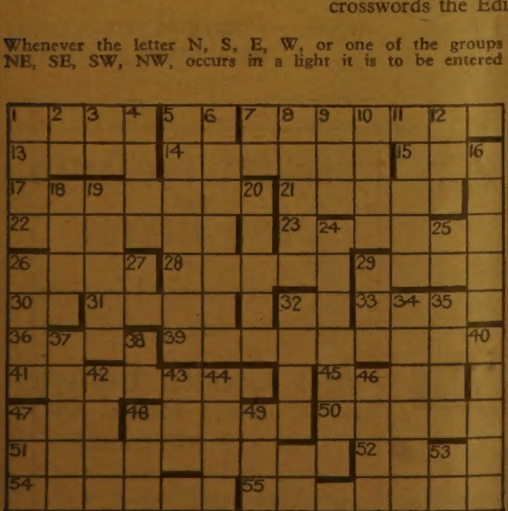
LAWRENCE ALLOWAY (*page 647*): art critic; Deputy Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts; author of *Nine Abstract Artists*

LEONARD CLARK (*page 649*): author of *Sark Discovered, English Morning,* and *Selected Poems*

Crossword No. 1,482. Northern Lights By Log

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

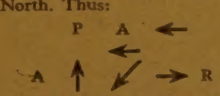
Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 30. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



NAME..

ADDRESS...

Whenever the letter N, S, E, W, or one of the groups NE, SE, SW, NW, occurs in a light it is to be entered as an arrow oriented as though for horizontal lights North lay at the top of the diagram and for vertical lights at the right-hand side. The reversal of a light does not affect the position of North. Thus:



represents WAP (R), ANSWER (A), and ASSET (D). The unchecked letters make VENERABLE PINCH.

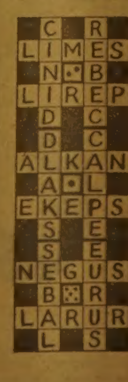
CLUES—ACROSS

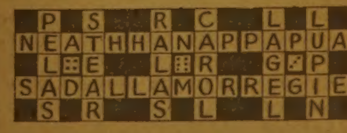
1. Lots. Bad ones after 29U. (4)
5-27U. 23 end of 1U. (4) (6)
7. See 41A.
13R. See 51A.
14. See 4D.
15. Opposite of 5A.-27U. (3)
17. Traveller (7) came home 53D. (2) 5D. (7)
21. Lay (5)
22. See 24D.
23. See 5A.
26. Successful stroke (4)
28. Willow (5)
29. Vessel for heating water, perhaps with 9D. in the saucer (4)
30. Peer's mother (2)
31. Leap. After 29R. it can (4)
32. See 39A.
33. Form a relation (4)
36. Stood in 7A. extra-mural (4)
39. Traveller (9) Came home from 32A. (2)
41. Loved 19D. (5) king's daughter of 7A. (7) (7)
45. Inhale (4)
47. Japanese silver ounce (3)
48. Sombre (5)
50. Directions (5)
51. For observations of 13R. (4), 8D. (5) or 38D.-14A. (8) (9)
52. 47U.s and 49U.s (4)
54. Stone (6)
55. Fashion (7)

DOWN

1U. See 5A.
2U.-3D. Rival of 53D.-3D. (4) (4)
4. 38D.-14A. shines at it (4)
5. See 17A.
6. They get no let up (7)
8. See 51A.
9. Odd shrub. See 29A. (3)
10. See 24D.
11. Makes 2U. prepare (5)
12. 5D. might be this without her uncle (3)
16. See 24D.
18. This family was mostly a bad lot (4)
19. See 41A.
20U. Ingenuous (5)
24. Travelled among 16D.-10D. (5-5) Hebrides (7) 22A. (7) went there 43D. (3)
25. One 50A. 35D. in original (2)
26. Convey (4)
27. See 5A.
29. See 1A.
32. ½ H.P. (4)
34. Taught slang (6)
35. 51A., having this a bear, could be this (4)
37. Directed space-traveller to earth (5)
38. See 4D.
40. 2U. 11D. (5)
42. What 17A. would not care (4)
43. See 24D.
44. Well (4)
46. Anger (4)
47. See 52A. (3)
48. Stray (3)
49. Light pinch (3)
53. See 2U.

Solution of No. 1,480





1st prize: Miss M. Cornwall (Edinburgh, 4); 2nd prize: H. Brown (London, S.W.2); 3rd prize: I. M. Lyon (Bishopton)

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